









THE ANNUAL

LAKE VIEW HOSPITAL
TRAINING SCHOOL

PIONEER
EDITION
1921



PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

THE ANNUAL



LAKE VIEW HOSPITAL

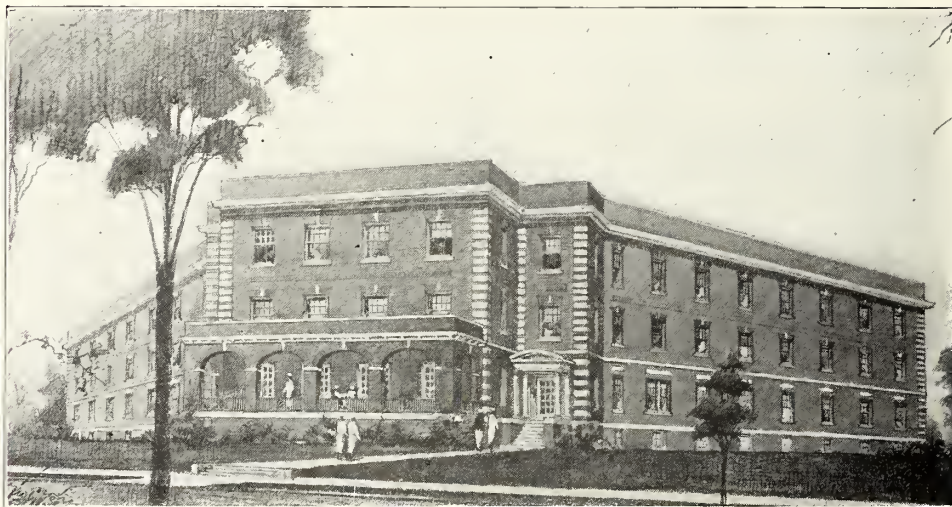
THE ANNUAL

APROPOS

As we prepare to go to press,
The future looks a wilderness,
For ed-i-ting, we must confess,
With trembling fills us, more or less.
But on this venture we've set sail
Resolved to win e'er we should quail.
And since this duty we've assumed,
The good of all, it is presumed,
Shall be our aim, so don't decry
Our venture now, but rather try
To give us some encouragement,
That we may prove our good intent,
While nursing patients who should know,
The road to health is thus and so.
We'll hang a horse-shoe o'er our door,
And hope 'twill bring success before
Our thoughts take flight, our voice is stilled,
Our mission at Lake View's fulfilled.

—J. M. G.

THE ANNUAL



THE NURSE'S HOME

THE ANNUAL

TO
THOSE WHO HAVE GONE BEFORE,
WHO HAVE OPENED THE WAY FOR US,
WHO HAVE BLAZED THE TRAIL
EVEN AS THE PIONEER
OF OLD,
THE ALUMNI,
THIS PIONEER EDITION OF
"THE ANNUAL"
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

THE ANNUAL

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West Suburban Hospital
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New York

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ANNE E. KEDAS

"Her presence is seldom heard but
always felt."

ORPHA M. THORNBURGH

"Silence is her virtue."

RUTH OUDERKIRK

"I do not care one straw."

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DORA JULICK

"More than others does she laugh
Of our giggling does she half."

EDITH CLEM

"Such sweet compassion doth in music
lie."

GERTRUDE PRICER

"Possessed of an unfailing good dispo-
sition."



ETHEL CARDIFF

"A woman's work, grave sirs, is never done."

MAYME YORK

"A maiden mild and meek."

HELEN J. THROCKMORTON

"A head to contrive, a tongue to persuade and a hand to execute any mischief."

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ROSE HAVENS

"Not that I love study less, but that I
love fun more."

ELSIE E. OLTJENBRUNS

"She's worth her weight in gold."

HAZEL B. PONT

"Why hurry when there's always
time."

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ANNA M. RYLANDER

"Being bad never bothered her."



BELVA A. KIRKPATRICK

"Who says in verse what others say
in prose."



LINA C. LESCH

"Endowed with the ace of virtues—
common sense."

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RHODA BEAVER

"Keep me good, make others great."

JEAN C. GARDNER

"I am not a rose but I have lived near
the rose."

In Memoriam



MABEL CLARE SOUTHWORTH '21

Like an angel's visit—short but bright,
From this sad earth she has taken her flight,
But we her comrades will ever hold dear,
And honor her memory year by year.

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CLASS HISTORY

The Class of 1921 entered the profession between the dates of January 11, and December 26, 1918. It is the largest class ever enrolled or graduated from Lake View Hospital.

The class organized early in 1919 and elected the following officers: Lina C. Lesch, President; Orpha M. Thornburgh, Vice-President; Bertha Jane Heaton, Secretary and Treasurer.

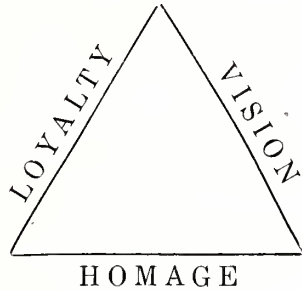
Each nurse began her career with varied impressions which changed as she developed in her training.

Anne E. Kedas began our career
While Orpha M. Thornburgh followed quite near;
Misses Miller, McGuire, Reagan and Nice,
Vickery and Terrill were showered with rice.
They were not here long, we'll have to tell,
Before they heard the wedding bell.
Ruth Ouderkirk entered on April Fool's Day,
But of her fine work we can never gainsay.
Full of life and giggle Julick came,
And still she acts just about the same.
The two Heaton sisters became real clever,
But left quite soon for other fields of endeavor.
E. Clem and G. Pricer their appearance made,
It takes their sweet voices to soothe and persuade.
Ethel E. Cardiff arrived in the Fall,
And ever since then has "mothered" us all.
Mayme York on Labor Day commenced,
And says she's been laboring ever since.
Still in September three more came,
Throckmorton, Southworth and Lilla Payne.
Throckmorton some day may win great fame,
While "Southie," Dear, bears an angel name.
Her Mother's illness called Payne away,
And now she's back with the Intermediates to stay.
The clarion call of the war then came,
And the Government sent us these by name:
R. Havens, E. Oltjenbruns and Higby dear,
H. Pont, M. Rylander and Kirkpatrick in fear,
M. Thal, Flo Whiting and Zoe Marsh all told,
Complete the list of the Government roll.
R. Havens stuck through thick and thin,
E. Oltjenbruns, too, is bound to win.

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M. Higby answered cupid's call,
While chiropractic enticed our Thal.
To study music Flo Whiting went,
But M. Rylander stayed, on nursing bent.
Zoe Marsh resigned when her health she lost,
Hazel Pont remained at any cost.
Kirkpatrick too, with grit and glee,
Is still with us for her degree.
Miss Lesch, the President of our class,
R. Beaver next but not the last.
For sweet little Gardner leads the rear,
And we are glad because she's here.
With this brief sketch my story's told,
Which covers a history three years old.

—E. E. OLTJENBRUNS, Historian.



LOYALTY claims our hearts beat true
In the years that shall come and go,
And mem'ries of our dear Lake View
Shall be bright in the afterglow.

VISION brings to us all again
The world outside, without a ban,
We'll happy be to see it when
Our Alma Mater says we can.

HOMAGE is due to those just now,
Whose guidance we eagerly sought,
Today, with thanks, our heads we bow,
Tomorrow, our freedom we've bought.

—J. M. G.

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CLASS OF 1921

To those, who, in the love of training, hold Communion with this training school, there comes a vast experience. For the Class of '21,

There also comes a vision, and a hope
To make this world a better place to live.
Undaunted by those first three months
Of loneliness, and fear, and making beds,
And long hours of dusting, and weary night,
When everything seemed naught, except
The hope, nourished in every heart, that soon
The day would come to wear our caps.
The probation period passed and with its passing
Came the uniform, and Junior nurses' responsibility.
That had been waiting long in dark, dark ways,
And Supervisors' minds, lest in those first few days
We'd lose ourselves in joy and proud possession
So when tho'ts of each last squelching would come
Like a blight over our spirits (and sad images
Of tears, and pain, and hate) we'd take ourselves
Into the wards and list to patients troubles;
Forget our trials and carry drinks of water, milk and tea,
And think it was a blessing, not a curse!
A few days it seemed, and we were
Called Intermediates, content to let
The Supervisors scold and sometimes
Take away our half days. All that train
Shall share our suffering. Our seniors
Suffered here before us—the Juniors—each
Shall follow in our footsteps.
Yet a few months and the Class of '21
Shall be seen no more, either along the corridors
Or in the wards, at the Home or out on Logan Avenue,
Upon the tennis courts or in the playroom
Singing songs of Love and of Democracy
Then shall they be found where duty calls,
Whether it be in green or desert land,
Beside still waters, or near trenches "over there,"
Doing the work that only they can do.
So we shall live that when our invitation comes
To go upon the stage and get the pin and parchment,
We'll go not with deep regrets (and doubts)
That sometime in the unclouded past
We followed in the footsteps of that man,
Who could not be convinced of his one crown,
The crown of faith to man. But
With our hearts and souls as clean
As uniform, because of faith that we
Have given unto the world the best we can,
We may approach the beginning of our career
Like they who know they're going forth to win.—*Anon.*

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SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

It was the hour when the mystic Spirit of Night hovers over the world; the last rosy tint of day was slowly fading in the western sky, and the stars were blossoming out, one by one.

I sat at my window dreaming of the Class of 1921, as a bright gleaming star appeared, the Spirit of Night whispered softly, "That is the star of Destiny for the Class of 1921, the large luminous star of Destiny. The smaller stars which are soon to appear are the destinies of the members of that class. There, that bright twinkling star is A. Kedas, the 'Lady of the Laboratory.'" The small, dancing one in the Southwest, is R. Ouderkirk, the wife, and so busy she even forgets to change her mind. The one appearing high above your head is O. Thornburg, the surgical supervisor of the Indianapolis City Hospital.

By this time night was advancing so rapidly and the stars appeared in such quick succession that Night pointed to each one as she told this story.

"Yes, E. Clem and Jim are happily married and living on a farm near Riola." G. Pricer, whose wonderful voice has thrilled thousands, is now beginning her third tour of Europe.

D. Julick, the wife of the famous Dr. White, spends her evenings in singing lullabies. Cardiff is doing private duty at West Side Hospital, and M. York is the able assistant of Dr. James. The united efforts of M. Rylander and H. Throckmorton have accomplished wonders toward the establishment of physical training classes in the training schools of the Middle West. Havens, happily married, with her seven boys, is spending the summer at the seashore. E. Oltjenbruns is happy in her chosen profession, Osteopathy. H. Pont is the public health worker in the ghetto of Chicago. Mrs. Kirkpatrick and her husband have a cozy home in Atlanta, Georgia.

L. Lesch is the efficient Superintendent of the Oregon State Hospital. R. Beaver is married to a South African Missionary, and is doing a wonderful work in that field. J. Gardner, L. Lesch's efficient co-worker, has charge of the Children's Ward in the Oregon State Hospital.

By this time the sky was studded with stars except where a black cloud was swiftly appearing on the horizon. It swept over the sky obscuring the gleaming stars. The rain, coming in at the window awakened me to a realization that this was only a dream.

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COMMENCEMENT DAY

"Where are you going, my pretty Maid?"
"I'm going to conquer the world," she said.
"I've three mighty weapons on which to rely,
"My smile, My diploma, My mischievous eye;
Now, shouldn't I have the whole world at my feet?"
The world answers: "Yes, for they're wonderf'ly neat!"

Diplomas are lost or forgotten, you know,
As time presses on, but a smile—never so!
Nor a mischievous eye, these are weapons, in truth
That will conquer all hearts and the world, too, forsooth.

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CALENDAR OF CLASS 1921

1918

January 11 - Entered at Lake View Hospital Training School—Anne E. Kedas.
March 1—Orpha Thornburgh came to be the new probationer.
July, August and September—A rush of new recruits to the new class; seventeen entering during these months.
October—Ten Government Nurse Reserve Students arrived this month.
November—The new class “properly” initiated into the mysteries of nursing. Why? “The Flu.”
December—Two new members arrive.
December 9. After a “flu” enforced vacation (from studies) classes are resumed.
December 26. Rhoda Beaver, the last, entered.

1919

January, February, March—Much hard work and study.
April 1—Class of '21 entertain at a Hard-Time-April-Fool's Party. Some party.
May—“Exams” The terror of our young lives. Closing of the school year.
June, July, August—Vacation days. Those precious two weeks.
September 9 - Opening of the Academic year.
September 19—The class of '21 organized for constructive work.
October 26—Rose Haven's appendix was added to the collection today.
October 29 Gladys McGuire decided to be operated too.
November—Glee Club organized. We think we should have a Nurses' Home.
December—Partial Student Control adopted.
December 24—Christmas Party tonight.

1920

March 1—M. York parted with her appendix.
March 3—We ordered our class pins.
April 23—Ground broken for our New Home.
April 26 and 27—Glee Club gave the big concert.
May—Laid Corner Stone of the New Home.
June 2—We entertained Senior Class at banquet.
July 28—Enjoyed picnic at Portland Arch given by doctors and graduate nurses.
August and September—Just going to the river.
October 1—Academic year opens.

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October 15—A. E. Kedas and O. M. Thornburgh go to Chicago as affiliates at Children's Memorial Hospital.

October 29—Halloween Dance at the Plaza hotel.

November—Weekly musical programs started.

December 14—A. E. Kedas finished her training.

1921

January 1—Beginning our last year.

January 12—Mable Southworth died at 4:30 a. m.

January 14—Class attended Miss Southworth's funeral.

March—The Board of Directors offered financial aid to publish an annual.

April 1—"Did you hear it?" "What?" "APRIL FOOL."

April 2—Men may come and men may go, but we go on forever.—L. V. H.

April 4—Rhoda Beaver lost an appendix this morning.

April 6—Group pictures for Annual taken.

April 7—Winter makes a late call.

April 9—Miss Wood takes charge of the L. V. H. T. S.

April 10—Received announcement of the birth of a baby boy to Gladys McGuire Black.

April 11—Reviewing for final class work.

April 13—R. Beaver up and walking.

April 14—A six o'clock dinner to the Staff, Faculty and Seniors by the Board of Directors.

April 15—R. Havens and E. Oltjenbruns go to Chicago and E. Clem and G. Pricer returned.

April 17—After a week of summer we have a big snow storm.

April 18—Moving day. The New Home is ours at last.

April 19—Still moving. It is like camping.

April 23—Our dressers and desks arrived.

April 24—Quite a contrast to last Sunday—Summer again.

April 27 and 28—Living-room furniture put in.

April 29—Our piano came for the living-room.

April 30—The furniture for the Senior room arrived.

May 5—Ministers of County visit Hospital and Home.

May 12—Opening Day at Home. Hospital Day.

May 22—Night Nurses go to Rossville for breakfast.

May 30—Poppy Day.

June 1—Graduation time draws nigh.

June 19—Baccalureate Day for Seniors.

June 23—We have crossed the bay, the open sea lies before us.

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LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the class of 1921, being in right mind (?), knowing that the end is near, do hereby publish and declare this to be our last will and testament:

ARTICLE I

Item: To Lake View Hospital our undying love and loyalty.

Item: To Lake View Training School for Nurses, as a whole, we leave our appreciation and good will.

Item: To the Board of Trustees, we leave our esteem, and appreciation for their hearty co-operation during our training.

Item: To the Medical Staff, as a whole, our appreciation for their patience and leniency for our mistakes.

Item: To the Laboratory a portable X-Ray apparatus, and an appropriation for all work heretofore charged to the profession.

Item: To the Faculty, we bequeath our consistency.

ARTICLE II

Item: To the Intermediate class, we leave our ability to hold regular class meeting and the ensuing peace and harmony which prevails.

Item: To the already overworked Junior Class, our long hours on duty.

Item: To the "Probies" we leave our ability to "stick."

ARTICLE III

Item: Orpha M. Thornburgh leaves her ability as a surgical acrobat to Alberta Pyle.

Item: Ruth Ouderkirk bequeaths some of her superfluous avoirdupois to Verla Summers.

Item: Rose A. Havens leaves to Eugenie Selby 10 c. c. of her unadulterated pep; to be given hypodermically and deep in the muscle.

ARTICLE IV

Item: Lina Lesch leaves her eyebrow pencil, lip stick, and other cosmetics to Lotus Lowder.

Item: Jean Gardner leaves her neatness to Ada Buckley.

Item: To Pearl Linville, Belva Kirkpatrick leaves her "gift of gab."

ARTICLE V

Item: Matilda Rylander leaves to Madge Hartman her sunny disposition and amiability.

Item: Elsie Oltjenbruns leaves to Alleen Parker her queenly stature and its accompanying grace.

Item: Rhoda Beaver leaves all her movie magazines, playing cards, poker chips, and love for Sunday shows, to Ruth Hendrickson.

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Item: To Grace Hodgson, Helen Throckmorton bequeaths her love for the opposite sex, with its accompanying joys and sorrows.

ARTICLE VI

Item: Miss York bequeaths the red lights, given her by the class of '20, to Virginia Taylor.

Item: H. Pont leaves her giggle and vampy eyes to Hazel Hull.

Item: D. Julick and E. Cardiff leave their chumminess to E. Cummins and J. Casteel, who fight continually.

ARTICLE VII

Item: To Harriet Jenkins, the Senior Class leaves the privilege of rummaging around in all their old mistakes and the pleasure of talking them over for the next ten years.

Item: Gertrude Pricer leaves her Grand Opera voice to Constance Price.

Item: Edith Clem leaves her love and loyalty for her own class to Lilla M. Payne.

Item: Anne Kedas leaves her love for dress and all her old clothes to Mrs. Carter.

ARTICLE VIII

Item: To Dr. Ross, we leave a pair of new roller skates, to be found in the old operating room, to facilitate speed in making his morning calls.

Item: To Dr. Miller a perfectly good Dr.'s gown to be left in Dr.'s dressing room. Safety pin in collar, all strings intact.

Item: To Dr. Robert McCaughey and assistants a carload consignment of assorted specimen jars.

Item: To Dr. Perrigo a new self retaining retractor.

Item: To Dr. A. E. Dale a "d ———" good 15c cigar.

Item: To Dr. R. L. Hatfield, a brand new vocabulary and a little of our love for Lake View.

Item: To Dr. Coolley, daytime in which to make his calls.

Item: To Dr. Crist a year's subscription to "The Breeder's Gazette."

Item: To Dr. Fairhall, the patent on our apparatus for Obstetrical deliveries by wireless.

Item: To Dr. Becker, the respect and admiration of all O. R. nurses for his help in supplying our deficiencies.

Item: To Dr. Reagan a Red Seal Record, entitled, "A little m-o-r-e, A l-i-t-t-l-e—m-o-r-e" to be played during period of induction, to save the doctor needless exertion.

Item: To Dr. Jones, a roll of superfine cotton for tonsil sponges.

Item: To Dr. Montfort, a copy of "The Son of Tarzan," in recognition of his ability as a contortionist.

Item: To Dr. Robert Clements, a large jar of unguentine with which to dress the burns received in the O. R.

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Item: To Dr. Hooker, an appropriation from class fund with which to replatate his instruments.

Item: To Dr. Hartsook, a large tin horn with which to herald his approach.

Item: To Dr. Wilkinson, our appreciation for his continuous good nature.

Item: To Dr. Steiner, with our compliments, a leather bound copy of "How to Propose," by Beatrice Fairfax.

Item: To Dr. McCann, all the old teeth left from Dental clinics.

Item: To Dr. Steely, a 1922 catalogue of "The Latest in Instruments."

Item: To Dr. Babcock, a fine likeness of himself.

Item: To Dr. Fletcher, a dozen egg sandwiches to be kept on hand for night emergencies.

Item: To Dr. Mason, the respect and admiration of his class.

Item: To Drs. J. L. and T. W. Funkhouser, two Boston bags.

Item: To Dr. Fisher, a kewpie doll, 'pweasingly 'pwump.

Item: To Dr. Guy, a ream of pen paper to recopy the hatful of poetry.

Item: To Dr. Hole, an auto-strop razor.

Item: To Dr. Koons, the use of Dr. Hartsook's horn.

Item: To Dr. J. D. Wilson, another invitation to sing to us at Sunday morning chapel.

Item: To Dr. Walton, three extra hours to finish his lectures to Senior Nurses.

Item: To O. R., a gross of lead pencils, and a boomerang system of carts.

ARTICLE

Item: We appoint as administratrix, Miss L. E. Merrifield, our class advisor, knowing she will enjoy the procedure.

Item: As joint executors, we ask the night engineer and Mr. Gates to dispense our personal effects, share and share alike, world without end.

Having thus dispensed all our worldly goods, we this day set to this will our hand and seal.

CLASS OF 1921.

THE ANNUAL

TO THE CLASS OF '22

Keep that wonderful elusive flame of enthusiasm burning for without it you cannot hope to accomplish a thing. Have confidence in yourself and your work, combined with an enthusiastic manner, and watch your success grow.

ENTHUSIASM—That wonderful quality that money cannot buy. It is infectious, so line up to catch it. Fan your tiny spark or your large spark to a flame, because when you do you will have attained the secret of youth, and incidentally, Success.

YOUTH—There is a magic in the very word. It is the thing that Ponce de Leon spent his life looking for. It is the thing innumerable have desired, but few have attained. They say you are as young as you feel, and it is certain that an enthusiastic man or woman never grows old. The word "youth" brings to our minds beautiful pictures. Pictures of apple trees, blossoms and summer skies, or fields of yellow corn with its sweet odor. It is the golden key that unlocks every door to success, knowledge, and all paths if properly used.

When we read biographies of great men and women we wonder how they accomplished the things they did. The answer is very simple, "enthusiasm." They had faith in themselves, for after all, enthusiasm is only another form of that divine quality—"faith." Faith in yourself and your fellow-men are among the chief attributes to success. If in the past you have been passive, and perhaps indifferent, try fanning that wonderful spark that's way deep in you, in everyone, and when you do and have coached that tiny spark into a flame, you will have found a most beautiful, wonderful thing, the secret of perpetual youth, the road to success. The class of '21 has had enthusiasm, and we feel that we have gained youth and incidentally success.

To our successors, the class of '22, we leave our best wishes for success, and hope that they will profit by our deficiencies, and make the annual of '22 far superior to ours. So we launch the good ship 1921 with its cargo of faith, hope and loyalty, and afar off o'er the waters comes a last fond "auf weidersehn."

CLASS OF '21.



BLOWING PRETTY "BUBBLES"

THE ANNUAL



INTERMEDIATE CLASS

OFFICERS

AILEEN PARKER, President
H. JENKINS, Vice-President
G. HODGSON, Secretary and Treasurer

ENROLLMENT

LILLA PAYNE	RUTH HENDRICKSON
HARRIET JENKINS	ALBERTA PYLE
EUGENIE SELBY	VERA PYLE
ADA BUCKLEY	LOTUS LOWDER
VIRGINIA TAYLOR	MADGE HARTMAN
RUTH MEITZLER	AILEEN PARKER
GRACE HODGSON	CONSTANCE PRICE

WE'RE INTERMEDIATES

The whims of youth are failing fast,
From Junior foibles we have passed.
Away with the faults of "Probie" days,
We're now grown up in every way:
 "We're Intermediates."

No longer do we doctors flee,
Nor tell folks everything we see;
We now have technique in our grasp,
We know our work from first to last:
 "We're Intermediates."

We're the jolliest class in all the school,
We always work by the "Golden Rule,"
We're the class where everyone does just right,
And cares for the patients from morn till night:
 "We're Intermediates."

We've stood our ground midst't the wear and tear,
Of scrubbing we have had our share,
But if all this you're inclined to doubt,
Ask our Supervisor and you'll find out:
 "We're Intermediates."

But still we always have our fun,
And will until the race is run;
And when we're R. N.'s old and gray,
We'll think of our Intermediate days:
 "We're Intermediates."

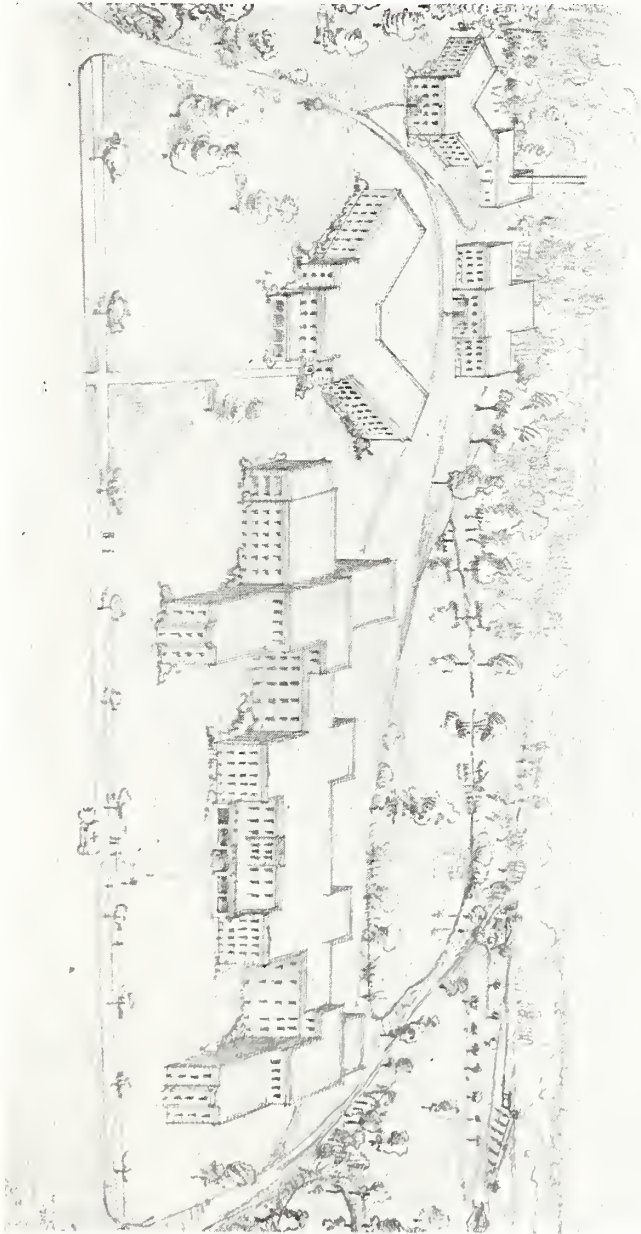
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PSALM

The Supervisors declare the glory of nursing, and their work showeth their belief; at the call of the first bell they rise and put on their white uniforms and go forth to duty. The right of Supervisors is divine and their judgments are fair and just.

More to be desired is their loving favor, than money, yea, than much good money.

Moreover, by the Seniors are the nurses warned of their approach, for who can detect their footsteps better than a Senior. Help us to tune our ears to the sound of approaching footsteps that we may be as sounding buoys during the coming year. Let the work of our hands, and the appearance of our persons, be acceptable in thy sight, O Supervisor, Our Teacher and Our Critic.



FUTURE LAKE VIEW

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LAKE VIEW HOSPITAL YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

Lake View Hospital Association was formed in the autumn of 1892. The first charter was issued December 1st, 1892, under the name of Vermilion County Hospital. The application for the charter was signed by Herman Shuckai, Chas. A. Crane, Horace Reed, M. S. Brown, C. H. Little, Jno. A. Griffin, Hiram Woods, C. L. Hawley and Thos. L. Spellman. The building known as 303 East Fairchild street was rented and opened as a hospital on Monday, July 9th, 1894. Rev. Herman Shuckai was the first superintendent. Later a lot on West Main street was purchased, but times were very hard and the building was delayed. In October, 1894, the hospital sold the Main street lot and purchased the tract upon which its buildings now stand. Later the name was changed to Lake View Hospital, because the name, Vermilion County Hospital, gave the impression to many that the hospital was sustained at the expense of the county. The county does not in any way contribute to the support of the hospital.

On March 12, 1896, what may be called the old part, or the north wing of the present hospital, was dedicated. The hospital as it then stood had thirty-two rooms with beds and eight beds in the ward, in addition to the offices. The nurses were housed in the fourth floor.

About twenty years later the first addition was built. This is what is known as the new wing, making Lake View Hospital a one hundred-bed hospital.

The home for nurses which stands just south of the hospital has been occupied but a few days. Here all of the nurses in service at the hospital are cared for, as described elsewhere herein.

The community has every occasion to be proud of the hospital, not only on account of the physical properties, but on account of the school for nurses which has always been a part of its work, as well as its achievements in the care of patients. The hospital could not have succeeded had it not been for the excellent work of the Ladies Aid Society organized July 10th, 1894. Since its organization it has been untiring in its efforts in behalf of the Hospital, and by means of the activities of this Society the Hospital has been supplied with bedding, linens and many other indispensable things.

It goes without saying that in planning the buildings that have already been erected, the Board had an eye to the future and arranged them so that additions could be made from time to time as required. Elsewhere in this annual is a ground plan of the hospital property, showing what the Hospital hopes to be able to do in the way of additions in the near future. There is no doubt about the ability of the Board to make these additions if the public continues its generous support of the past.

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RECEPTION ROOM, NURSES' HOME



SECTION OF GYMNASIUM, NURSES' HOME

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The foundation has been laid for a constructive program in Lake View Hospital for the current year. All concerned appreciate the necessity of the closest understanding, and the best co-operation. The staff and directors are working on terms of the best understanding, which is made possible by frequent meetings and discussions.

The policy of the Hospital is to keep the diagnostic laboratory equipped with the latest appliances, and every effort is being made to make the work of the extremely important department so good that no hospital can excel.

A system of case-records is being installed. These records will be standardized, and wherever advisable a copy of such record, including every examination, will be supplied the family physician.

Arrangements are being perfected whereby graduate physicians will become internes in the hospital, thus assuring the presence of a physician at all times.

Arrangements are also being made for the publication of scientific articles which will be similar to, and it is hoped in all respects, equal to the publications of the best hospitals in this country.

An examining room will soon be ready for occupancy. In this room patients will be examined, under conditions as favorable as possible for thoroughness. Indeed it is hoped to have the examining room as well equipped for examination as our operating rooms are equipped for operations.

Also a room will be equipped for examining the heart, where will be found the apparatus and appliances most approved for these purposes.

The hospital serves a community of some 250,000 people. This justifies a hospital of the highest possible standard, and every effort is being made to fully meet this requirement.

Plans for additional publicity are under way, whereby the services that the hospital are rendering, and is prepared to render to all who need them, will be brought to the attention of the public even more closely than heretofore. In this way it is felt that the hospital may grow in usefulness, because as it becomes better known and more appreciated, it will of course be more used and many lives thereby saved, and much suffering prevented.

The nurses' training school will be kept abreast of the best schools in the country. A diploma from Lake View Hospital will continue to be a badge of honor and a guarantee of the best professional training. This school will supply the community with registered nurses, excellently trained, and it is hoped that before a great while the shortage in this profession may be overcome. It is stated that there are now but one-seventh as many registered nurses as could find employment.

The Board of Directors and the staff will at all times in the future as in the past, exert every effort to deserve the confidence and support of the community. In order that there may be a better understanding of the purposes and work of the hospital, all persons who are interested, are invited to visit the hospital and see for themselves.

THE ANNUAL



BEDROOM IN NURSES' HOME



BEDROOM FURNISHED BY CLASS OF '21

In Memoriam to Mabel Clare Southworth

THE ANNUAL

L. V. H. ALUMNI

The following are the names of those who have graduated from our training school:

1896

Miss Bertha Sidelinger
Miss Nettie M. Allhands
Miss M. Reed
Miss Lucile Withers

4

1897

Miss Creta Pauley
Miss Nellie Alkire

Samuels (9)

1898

Miss Ora Bedwell
Miss Leota Morehaed
Miss Ora Banta

3

1899

Miss Alma Riseinger
Miss Daisy D. Davis
Miss Drusilla M. Young
Miss Marie Green

4

1900

Miss Nellie McCarthy
Miss Ora Clark
Miss Dora Connor
Miss Maud M. Northwood

4
1a

1902

Miss Helen Coe
Miss Grace Pulver
Miss Lulu Pugh
Miss Pearl Swank
Miss E. V. O'Connor
Miss G. Spivey
Miss L. Ward
Miss N. Frazier

8

1903

Miss Edwina Scher
Miss Ella Wheeler

2

1905

Miss Iva O. Huey
Miss Elsie Pogue
Miss Lena Muncie
Mrs. Sara Rilea

*Spauld
Columbiana
Jed*

1907

Miss Sara Logan
Miss Grace Reid
Miss Maud Elder
Miss Josephine Porter
Miss Pauline Wiltermood
Miss Catherine Doutherty
Miss Marie Linne

7

*Miss
Hornum*

1908

Miss Julia Hends
Miss Ethel E. Alvord
Miss Jessie McGuire
Mrs. Ethel M. Crowder

4

1910

Miss Bertha Ashmore
Miss Maud McGuire
Miss Grace Walthall
Miss Minnie Williams
Miss Blanche Haworth

Wachum
5

1911

Miss Anna Dieterle
Miss Leona Dixon
Miss Florence Anstead
Miss Gurley Clawson
Miss Marie Walz

5

1913

Miss Ida Brown
Miss Agnes Westwater
Miss Minnie Hahn

Wright
3
Samuels

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1914

Miss Busby - *Alberta*
Miss Vinson *Alberta*
Miss Koontz - *Alberta*
Miss Wintermantle *Katie*

1915

Miss Craven *no record*

1916

Miss J. Gardner *Janet S*
Miss Ashmore *Josephine*
Miss Esslinger *Margaret*
Miss Howie *Ruben T*
Miss Stipp *Emma R*
Miss Huston *Pearl Kathryn*

1917

Miss Ruby Johnson
Miss Laura Hall
Miss Fern Judge
Miss Ruth Williams

1918

Miss J. Thode

1919

Miss Ethel Lee
Miss Edna Lee
Miss Oral Smith

1920

Miss Lough *Mary The*
Miss Burch *Rebecca*
Miss Hall *Berna*
Miss McFerrin *Rebecca McFerrin*
Miss Bailey *Minnie Bailey*
Miss Colburn *Mary Ann*
Miss Woods *Hulda Mae*

1921

Miss A. E. Kedas
Miss O. W. Thornburgh
Miss R. Ouderkirk
Miss E. Clem
Miss G. Pricer
Miss D. Julick
Miss E. Cardiff
Miss M. York
Miss H. Throckmorton
Miss E. Oltjenbruns
Miss R. Havens
Miss H. B. Pont
Miss M. Rylander
Miss B. A. Kirkpatrick
Miss L. C. Lesch
Miss J. Gardner
Miss R. Beaver

19 22 - 12 12
19 23 - 10
19 24 - 13
19 25 - 10
19 26 - 11
19 27 - 13
19 28 - 21
19 29 - 1

THE INVISIBLE CHOIR



In each institution there is always that individual who makes life worth while. In Lake View Hospital that one is Miss Eleanor Moore; through her broad experience and sympathetic nature Miss Moore has already won a warm place in our Hospital family. The following tells why we are so fortunate to have her with us.

From 1894 to 1899, Miss Moore was a teacher in the Georgetown and Hoopes-ton schools; from there she went to the Chicago Training School, where she graduated in 1902. The following year she served in an executive capacity at the Chicago Training School and Wesleyan Hospital in Chicago.

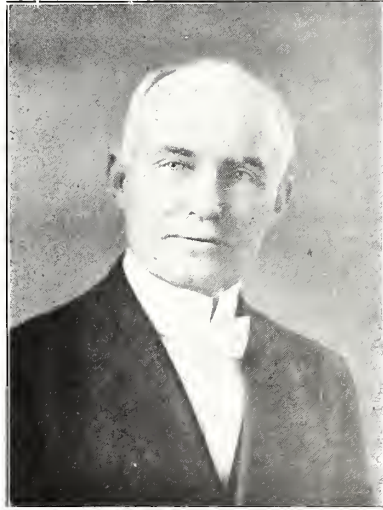
In 1904 she took up her work as Superintendent of Women's Work and Principal of the Training School in Walden University, Nashville, Tennessee.

From 1906 to 1912, Miss Moore was Assistant Superintendent of the Old People's Home, Chicago; the next three years, 1912 to 1915, she was Superintendent of the Dakota Deaconess Hospital. The next few years were spent in study; in 1919 she graduated from the Favill School of Occupational Therapy.

After finishing there she became Instructor of Occupational Therapy at Scarlet Oakes Sanatorium in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Nineteen twenty-one saw Miss Moore at Lake View Hospital, Danville, Illinois. Here she serves as Publicity Chairman, Corresponding Secretary of the Ladies' Aid and Assistant to the Superintendent.

"Thou camest not into thy place by chance."



REV. M. G. COLEMAN
Our Field Secretary

The Rev. M. G. Coleman, Field Secretary for Lake View Hospital, and who is in charge of the campaign for \$250,000 for the Hospital, was born and reared in Vermilion County, and is acquainted with many of the oldest and most prominent families. It has been said that he knows the "cross roads" in old Vermilion and the counties adjacent, and parts of Western Indiana; he has spoken in practically every town for twenty-five miles around, and in some of them many times.

His personality is pleasing and his presentation of the interests of the Hospital, both in public and private, have been tactful and convincing. The amount of money pledged and paid thus far exceeds the most sanguine expectations of those interested. The New Nurses' Home is a monument to his money raising ability.

Mr. Coleman's campaign slogan is: "A Gift from Everybody. *One thousand people to give \$100 each; TWO HUNDRED PEOPLE TO GIVE \$250.00 EACH; TWO HUNDRED PEOPLE TO GIVE \$500 EACH and THOUSANDS FROM THE RICH.*"

THE ANNUAL

THEORETICAL COURSE FOR THREE YEARS SCHOOL

The following course is subject to re-arrangement

(Preparatory or Probationary Period)

SUBJECT	HOURS
Elem. Nursing principles and methods.....	60
Ethics and History of Nursing.....	10
Elem. Dietetics.....	10
Elem. Materia Medica.....	10
Anatomy and Physiology.....	24
Chemistry.....	12
Bacteriology and Pathology.....	10
Urinalysis.....	10
Materia Medica.....	20
Personal Hygiene.....	10
Prin. of Practice of Nursing.....	5
Bandaging.....	5

INTERMEDIATE YEAR

Medical Nursing including communicable diseases....	30
Surgery ...	10
Orthopedics	10
Infants and Children.....	10
Gynecology and Diseases of Genito Urinary Tract	8
Nervous and Mental Diseases.....	20
Dietetics	20

SENIOR YEAR

Ethics and History of Nursing, Survey }	20
of Nursing Field, Professional Problems }	
Nursing in Occupational, Skin and Venereal Diseases.....	10
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.....	10
Modern Social Conditions.....	10
Anaesthetics	5



SOCIETY.

"What fools we mortals be."

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SOCIETY

In a nurse's life society is not often thought of, however, for us, it has not been all work, but some play.

Our first social function was a Christmas party, for the student body, held at the brick cottage on Christmas Eve, 1918. Each nurse brought a small gift which was put on the Christmas tree for Ethel Cammine, a little four-year-old girl, who had been confined to her bed for more than a year. Ethel was taken to the Christmas tree, and her face radiated with joy at all the gifts Old Santa had left for her. Fruit, nuts and candy had been provided by the friends of the nurses. Everybody enjoyed a good time, and admitted that Old Santa had remembered everyone in a liberal way.

1919

The evening of April 1st, an "April Fools' Party" was given by us, now Juniors. A delightful evening was spent playing games and dancing. Light refreshments were served.

A Hallowe'en party was held on the evening of November 1st, at the Y of the Woods. The girls appeared in various costumes expressing the spirit of the occasion. Everyone joined in playing games, and enjoyed a social time. Sandwiches, pumpkin pie, doughnuts, coffee and glazed apples were relished, even by some of the doctors who came to break up our party by calling out the surgical nurses for an emergency operation.

Our first year in training passed by very quickly, and Old Santa arrived once more at our brick cottage, and the spirit of Christmas and gift giving made happy each and every one. Little Ethel was our guest again.

1920

The Glee Club was delightfully entertained at the St. James M. E. Church at a "nut party" given by the Men's Society of that church. Nuts were in abundance and jokes plentiful. A prize was awarded to the biggest nut present after which the little nuts were cracked. Hot coffee and home-made doughnuts were also served. This evening will be long remembered.

A Valentine party was given by the Intermediate Class on the evening of February 14th; games and refreshments were enjoyed by everyone.

St. Patrick's Day was not forgotten. The Junior Class provided a delightful entertainment and dainty refreshments that evening for the student body.

A "Kid's Party" given by the Senior Class was greatly enjoyed. Everyone came dressed as a child and felt as free and light hearted as in their

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childhood days. Refreshments were served, after which the guests departed, expressing due credit to the Seniors for a most successful party.

June 3rd came the Senior and Intermeditate Banquet, given at the Dixie Grill Room, in honor of the Class of 1920. The tables were beautifully decorated in the class flower and colors, white roses and ferns. The toasts, class-will and class-prophecy were greatly enjoyed. Dancing and music occupied several hours of the evening.

A picnic was given in August by the Staff and Alumni at Portland Arch, Indiana. The student nurses were all invited and enjoyed a most delightful trip and good eats.

September—A general get-together party for the faculty and student body at a weiner roast held by the lake. After the "feed" games and wierd stories were enjoyed by the light of the camp fires.

On the evening of October 3rd, 1920, a reception was given by the Training School Committee and Faculty for the purpose of welcoming the Class of 1923. Refreshments, dancing and a social time was enjoyed. The students departed more determined to be successful in their work, feeling that the Training School Committee and Faculty were supporting them.

A Hallowe'en dance and masquerade at the Plaza hotel was given by the Senior Class, October 28, 1920. The ball room was decorated with palms and ferns intermingled with pumpkins, garlands of yellow and black crepe paper and other Hallowe'en novelties. The nurses who served refreshments were dressed in blue and white Dutch costumes. The other costumes were varied and beautiful, and the grand march presented a picturesque pageant. More than four hundred guests attended. From the proceeds, paintings of Florence Nightingale and Jane Delano were purchased and hung in the library of our new home

A Christmas banquet and dinner for the faculty and student body was held in the dining room Christmas Eve, after which we betook ourselves to the reception room where we found a Christmas tree laden with packages for each nurse, and dear Old Mr. Santa Claus awaiting us ready to distribute them.

A New Year's wake party was held at the brick cottage, where games and music were enjoyed awaiting the toll of the bells and whistles announcing the arrival of 1921, the year which means so much to our class.

Superintendent and Mrs. Baum delightfully entertained the student nurses at tea at their home on several Sunday afternoons and evenings. A delicious supper and social time was enjoyed by everyone. Each one felt assured that Superintendent Baum is not only our Superintendent and true friend, but a co-worker with the student body.

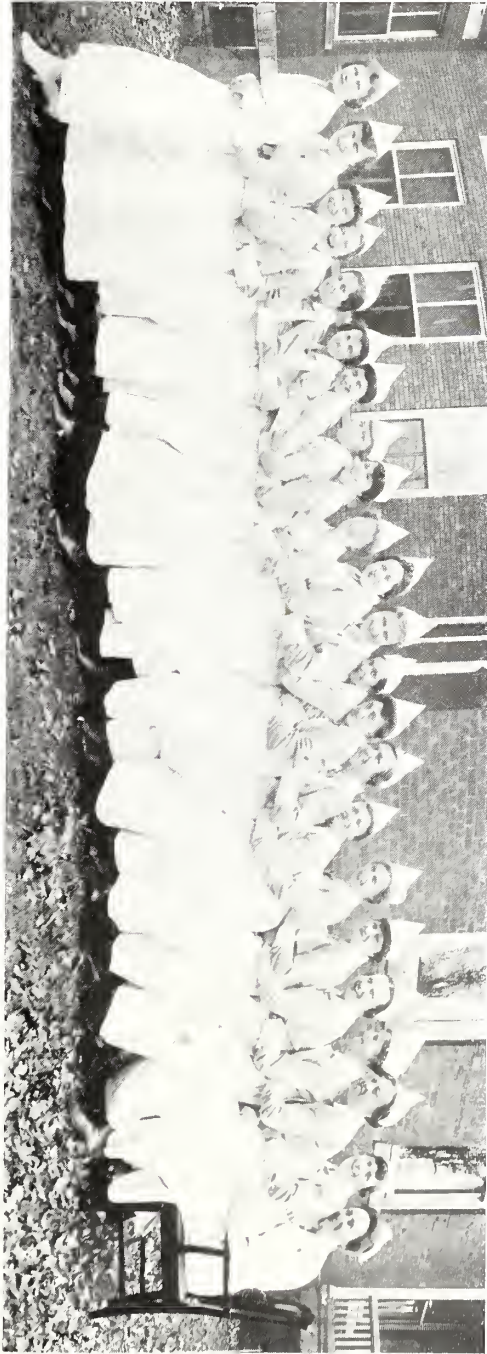
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1921

A series of social evenings were planned for the interest and up-building of the student body. Lilla M. Payne as Chairman of the Committee did much in preparing interesting programs. Short talks on current events and topics of today with plenty of good music occupied twelve of our evenings during the winter of 1921.

On the evening of April 14th, a banquet was given by the Board of Trustees in honor of the 1921 graduates. This was the first of its kind given in honor of the graduating class. The members of the Board, the Hospital Staff of Doctors and Faculty were invited. Mr. John Webster presided as toastmaster, and Mr. Will Jewell thought it his duty to start the ball rolling with a line of jokes on all the local celebrities. His first victim was Miss Lesch, president of the class, who responded with much humor; followed by Mrs. Kirkpatrick and others in eloquent terms of poetry and prose.

The dinner party was enjoyed by everyone present and will linger long in our memories. Thanks to the Board of Trustees.



GLEE CLUB

THE ANNUAL

THE MADRIGAL CLUB

When one is truly happy there is no other way to express such happiness than to sing. Under such conditions our Student Glee Club was organized, and set out to accomplish great things, viz., money for the new home.



MR. H. Y. MERCER

The Madrigal Club was composed of twenty-eight nurses all belonging to the Senior Class 1921. We were especially fortunate in possessing in that class much trained talent of all descriptions. We had singers, actors, elocutionists, instrumentalists, and comedians unnumbered. Without definite plans we started to work. Mr. Mercer came to Lake View to train us, several times each week; between our rehearsals we "learned our step." By Christmas we had several carols ready. We appeared at the First Presbyterian Church Christmas Eve; later on we sang for the Danville Rotary Club and the Men's Bible Class of the Methodist Church.

With each performance our enthusiasm grew until on April 26th and 27th we burst forth in all our glory and rapture; not even the birds of spring dared rival the Lake View Students Madrigal Club on those two days. At eight o'clock sharp, we opened our program. It consisted of the best musical numbers that could be arranged for ladies voices. The first half of the program was given over entirely to "real music," but the second half was a "real curtain raiser." In correct paraphrase of operating room procedure, one of our favorite doctors proceeded to lose his appendix and other superfluous bits of his anatomy.

The Madrigal Club will be one of choicest memories of Lake View Hospital because it held the entire spirit and good fellowship of our class. It was made possible by friends who understood and backed us to the limit and by Mr. H. Y. Mercer, our "Song-father" and friend.

THE ANNUAL

CONCERT PROGRAM

LAKE VIEW HOSPITAL NURSES MADRIGAL CLUB

NURSES FROM THE OPERATING ROOM ARE ON DUTY AT ALL TIMES

PROCESSIONAL HYMN JOY FOR OUR SORROWS

Prologue.....	Mr. Wm. R. Jewell
Chorus—Autumn Storms	Grieg
Duett—Sing, Sing Birds of Spring.....	Nutting
MISS MAGUIRE, MISS HIGBY	
Trio—Voice of My Beloved.....	Daniels
MISS CLEM, MRS. KIRKPATRICK, MISS PRICER	
Violins, MISS PAYNE, MISS HEATON	
Chorus—A Day in Venice.....	Nevin
Morning in St. Mark's Square.	
In the Gondola	
A Love Song	
Farewell	
Violin Solo—a—To Spring....	Greig
b—Chanson Triste.....	Tchicowsky
c—Kujawiak.....	Wieniawski
MISS PAYNE	
Duett—Today, Tomorrow and Forever	Ball
MISS CLEM, MISS PRICER	
Double Quartette—A Dutch Lullaby.....	Nevin
Wynken, Bynken and Nod	
MISS MAGUIRE, MISS MILLER, MISS LESCH, MISS GARDNER	
MISS JULICK, MRS. KIRKPATRICK, MISS HIGBY, MISS PRICER,	
MISS CLEM, Solist	
Tenor Solo—a—Song of Faith.....	Chaminade
b—Creole Lovers Song.....	Buck
MR. MERCER	
Quartette—Only a Year Ago.....	Lee
MISS CLEM, MRS. KIRKPATRICK, MISS HIGBY, MISS PRICER	
Chorus—Invocation to Spring.....	Gere
Nurse Reading—Same Old Thing.....	MISS OLTZENBRUNS

*A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.*

AN OPERATION

Given by the Nurses of the Operating Room?

Dr. Killehoff	MISS MILLER
Dr. Cuttemup.....	MISS JULICK
Dr. Drowsy	MISS MAGUIRE
Circulation Nurse	MISS THORNBURGH
Scrub Nurse	MISS OUDERKIRK

MISS DOROTHEA ELY, R. N., MISS HIGBY, Accompanists

Mr. DON SWISHER, Assisting

Mr. MERCER, Director

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ATHLETICS

With the completion of our new Nurses' Home the training school is equipped with a gymnasium which will later be used for the systematic exercises now considered so necessary to the general welfare.

It certainly seems on first thought, that after a hard day's work, of hurrying around and being on one's feet almost continuously that quiet is all that is necessary, but the physical rest obtained from rythmical exercises properly executed, gives the required relaxation to the overworked muscles and helps to overcome the toxic condition of those held dormant.

There is little that can be said of the Athletics in our Training School to date. This for several reasons, chiefly that the Home is so lately completed, and consequently there has been considerable difficulty finding room for gym classes.

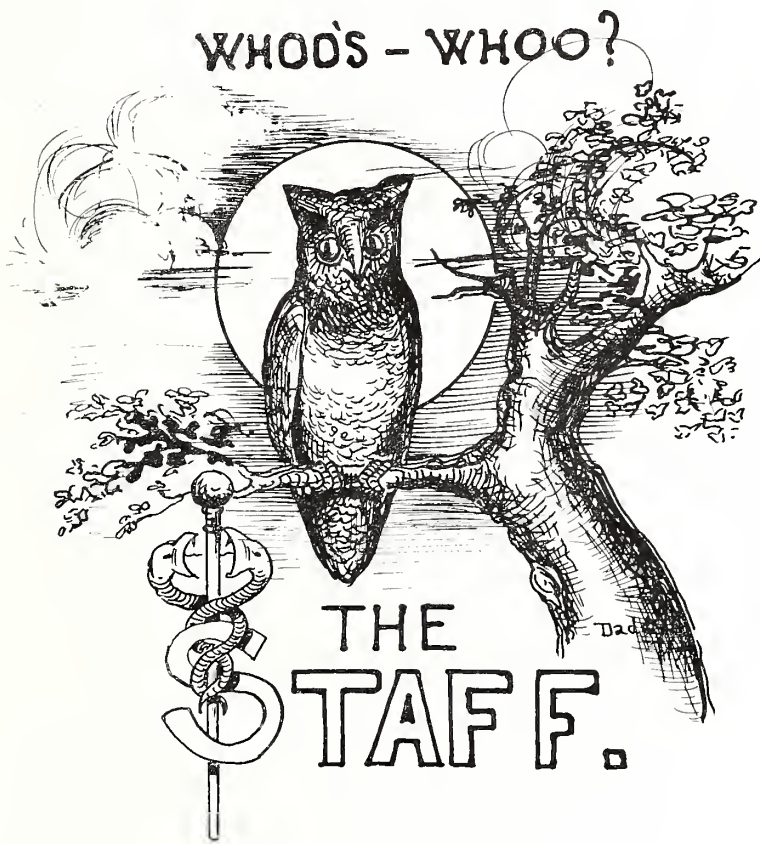
We hope that by the time the next Annual is offered by the Training School that Athletics will have its proper and larger share in our School. This we believe is possible and most probable under the leadership of our Athletic Director, Miss Dickman. Miss Dickman, who is also the Athletic Director at the Y. W. C. A., is well qualified to make this an exceptionally good department.

The past year's work has been divided into two sections, the first half of the year given over to the Junior classes, and the last half to the Intermediates and Seniors.

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GYM CLASS



THE ANNUAL



MEMBERS OF STAFF, LAKE VIEW HOSPITAL

THE ANNUAL



MEMBERS OF STAFF, LAKE VIEW HOSPITAL

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IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE

How would you like to have lived long ago
And had an appendix that was very, very sore,
And be ushered into an operating room
That had only been swept just a little with a broom?
Ye Gods!

There stood the surgeon in his nice frock coat,
Of its many operations you could hear him proudly dote,
For it was black, and it was good, he would chuckle with glee,
That it wouldn't show dirt, full of service it would be.
Ye Gods!

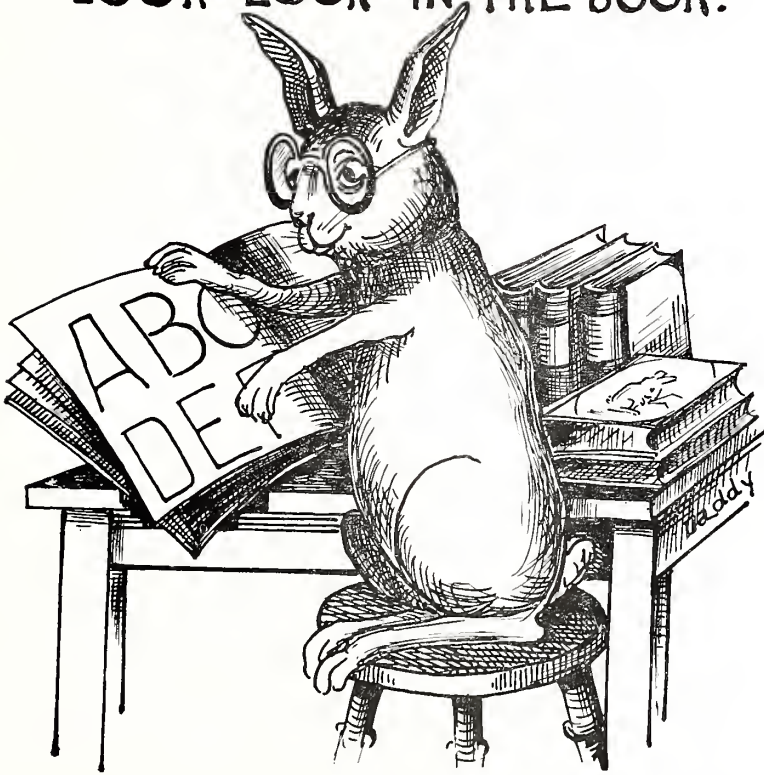
The suture material was indeed a happy find,
A brand new horse's tail, full of bristles, was the kind,
Hanging on the wall where the surgeon could see
He could walk across the floor and help himself as need be.
Ye Gods!

Or perhaps if the supply should be a little on the wane
From the good old horse's tail and also from his mane,
The assistant of the surgeon would gladly contribute
A strand of some material from the lapel of his coat.
Ye Gods!

How would you like to have lived long ago,
And had all of this, and then some, to forgo,
For aseptic sanitation was as yet a thing unknown
And the knowledge of bacteria to such proportions had not grown.
Ye Gods!

To our predecessor surgeons who lived long ago,
We pay every homage, for to them so much we owe,
For their faith, and for their effort, and for the thing that they began
Which now in its perfection is a blessing to the land;
But we are glad that in the scheme of humanity's row
We find ourselves descended in the pedigree this low
For we fear that we could not by any process of the mind
Withstand the same conditions as in the days of Auld Lang Syne.

LOOK-LOOK-IN THE BOOK:



LITERATURE

THE ANNUAL

THE APPENDIX

Once upon a midnight dreary
Under ether, weak and weary
As the operating table grim, my
Senseless carcass bore,
Suddenly there came a zipping
As of someone gently snipping,
As of someone coolly ripping,
Ripping up my stomach floor.
“ ’Tis a surgeon,” low I murmured,
“Ripping up my stomach’s floor,
Dr. ——— and maybe more.”

Ah! distinctly I remember
It was in the bleak December
And each single separate weapon
Thirsted deeply for my gore;
Eagerly they close did shave me,
Antiseptics then did lave me
And the blackest pills they gave me
Till I shrieked, nay even swore.
Then by the lift they took me
To the operating floor,
Yanked me in and locked the door.

They then cut me, sawed and gashed me,
And they filed and bored and hashed me,
Till they found and wrenched thee from me,
“Fair Appendix—Lost Lenore.”
“Doctor,” yelled I, “Prithee, tell me”
(To this cry my fears impelled me)
“Dr. ———, thou sure must tell me,
Tell me truly, I implore,
Can’t I have appendicitis,
As I us’t in days of yore?”
Quoth the doctor, “Never more.”

So, Appendix, thou has left me,
Deeply, sadly, hast bereft me
On earth thy painful pangs I’ll feel,
Oh! Never, never more.
When the Angel Host has led me
Up to join the heavenly chorus,
On the shining, shimmering shore
There I’ll find thee, and I’ll clasp thee,
To my side, my lost Lenore
Once again for ever more.

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A TRAGEDY OF "ERRORS"

ACT I

Scene—Dining Room, Senior Table, supper hour. Twelve new water glasses found on Senior table. Class enters. Great rejoicing and hilarity follow. Note found explaining that an assessment of five cents each is due. Nickels left on table. Class disperses happy in the possession of twelve H₂O glasses.

ACT II

Scene—Same as Act I—breakfast time. Air of mystery at Senior table; glasses, note and twelve nickles disappear during night. Trouble brewing, several individuals suspected. H. B. Pont and Rose Havens appointed to investigate. Suspicion points very strongly toward ———.

ACT III

Scene—Same as Acts I and II. Dinner time the following day. Glasses, nickels and two notes on Senior table, one note requesting that above said glasses, nickels and note be removed at once. Mystery still unsolved. "To err is human, to forgive divine."

P. S. Twelve glasses may now be found in twelve of the Seniors' rooms.



FOR THE SENIORS' TABLE

These nice clean glasses for you and for me
Were put here by our president, you see.
An olive branch around them twine
To give you pleasure while you dine.
For health and comfort they are here
Because we know how very drear
It is to mince on bread and pies
When in our mouth no moisture lies.
For your convenience, as you see,
An assessment of one five cents will be
To reimburse our president's loss
When in this purchase she paid the cost.
But if for reasons to you best known,
You do not wish to pay the coin
Just take the glass and use it, please,
For the public health if you should sneeze.

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LAKE VIEW TRAINING SCHOOL LIBRARY

Vogue.....	A. E. Kedas
Silence is Golden.....	O. Thornburgh
Youth	R. Ouderkirk
Make Way.....	D. Julick
The Critic	E. Clem
How to Avoid Worry.....	G. Pricer
The Little Lady of the Big House.....	E. Cardiff
Punch	H. Throckmorton
A Perfect Day	R. Havens
The Westerner.....	E. Oltjenbruns
Old Curiosity Shop.....	M. York
Quiz Box.....	H. Pont
Bound to Win.....	M. Rylander
A Weaver of Dreams.....	B. Kirkpatrick
The Pilot.....	L. Lesch
Sweet Girl Graduate.....	G. Gardner
When Angels Come to Men.....	R. Beaver
The Master's Violin.....	L. Payne
Hours of Speech.....	H. Jenkins
Girl of the Limberlost.....	E. Selby
Kindred of the Wild.....	A. Buckley
Advice to the Love-lorn.....	G. Hodgson
You Never Know Your Luck.....	V. Taylor
The School Marm	R. Hendrickson
In Tune.....	R. Meitzler
Prairie Breezes	M. Hartman
Do and Dare	A. Parker
Tempest and Sunshine	L. Lowder
A Prospector of Life.....	A. Pyle
Why Marry a Young Man?.....	V. Pyle
When a Man Marries.....	C. Price
Tragic Eyes.....	H. Hull
Descent of Man.....	E. Henery
The Spanish Queen.....	J. Casteel
To Have and To Hold.....	E. Cummins
Innocence.....	L. Risser
Where There's a Will	M. Bell
My Lady of the North.....	L. Winters
A Garland of Roses.....	V. Summers
Treasure Island.....	R. Davis
From Northern Woods.....	P. Linville
Alice in Wonderland.....	B. Bell
Sunshine Jane.....	C. Cavanaugh
A Court of Inquiry.....	M. Carter

A SUSPECT

I arrived in Danville, October 22, '19, and hurried at once to Lake View Hospital. When I stepped inside the doors little did I dream what I would have to endure the next few weeks.

You must all stop long enough to recall that at this time the great World War was going on, and after explaining to various individuals that I was one of the Government Student Nurse Reserves, proceeded to teach my name, which is Oltjenbruns, to the Superintendent. You see, Germany is written on the very face of it, and if you could see me you'd immediately know that I am of German descent.

I am as loyal to my dear old U. S. A. as any one can be, and was doing my little bit to serve her, when I was so sadly misjudged.

My first evening here I was plied with questions, but feeling reserved in my new surroundings and being tired from my long journey I entered very little into the spirit of the company, thereby causing my new acquaintances to become more suspicious of me. I retired early wondering what the morrow would bring forth. Feeling nervous I placed a chair against my door and tried to sleep. I had just dozed off into slumber when I was suddenly awakened by a noise at my door. In my confusion and fright I rushed toward the door when it burst open before me, and in stormed a dozen (to me it seemed like an army) of nurses. They demanded an explanation of me. What was I? Whence did I come? And what did I want? Over in one corner of the room a clique of Seniors held consultation in undertones, throwing an air of mystery over the whole affair. Evidently not satisfied with my answers they gradually dispersed with backward looks and doubtful mien, and from the noises, emanating from the corridors, chairs were being braced to secure doors.

Conscious of having created a disturbance, I placed the chair back at the door, turned my face to the wall, and fell asleep.

For the next few weeks I was treated with the utmost coolness and every move I made was watched. One day Miss H——, a Senior, took me into her confidence and explained that I had been under suspicion as a German spy, hence, the queer actions of everyone. I was surprised, but considered it a good joke on SOME ONE.

E. E. OLTJENBRUNS.

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HUNGER STRIKE

There is a dietician nurse,
I'd like to see have mumps or worse;
She sends me up three times a day,
The most unappetizing tray.

There'll be some soup that looks like rain,
At night the same old thing again,
A luke warm spud with gritty skin,
Which usually is bad within.

Sometimes a pudding comes to cheer,
But you can't eat it it's so queer;
I sure am feeling awful blue,
McSweeney did it! I can, too.



THE OLD ABUSED STOMACH

(With Apologies to "The Old Oaken Bucket")

How dear to my heart are the whims of my stomach
When acute indigestion presents them to view;
Each idiosyncrasy proves entertaining
To me though they be of no interest to you.

On things that I can eat
And things that I can't eat
The things that I must eat,
Alone do I dwell,

And then when I have eaten, I wish that I had not
When friends of the evils of food fondly tell.

How dear to my heart are the anti-food lectures,
The lectures on friendly and unfriendly germs,
The poisons of food and the dangers of eating
Are pictured so strongly in unmeasured terms.

The things that I would eat
The things that I should eat,
The things that I once ate—
Each one they forbid.

And sadly I turn to the nuts and the zweiback
In which they say virtues of healing are hid.

To be sung gently and with much expression while Dr. McCaughey
aspirates an Ewald test meal.

STARVED

That "Near East Relief" never appealed to me
As it has in the past few days,
For I have lived sorely for ten days and more
On nothing but sunshine rays.

I said altogether on sunshine rays,
But this is not wholly so,
For often Miss Cummins brings a little glass tube
And lets me suck it, you know.

But there's very little nourishment in this,
As you will freely admit
And I must lie in bed from morn till night,
Because I'm too weak to sit.

Time was, when I liked not the hospital soup,
In fact, I abhorred the name,
But now if I had a gallon or so,
I'd drink my way to fame.

Every one is very kind to me
And that affords some joy,
But doesn't fill a stomach you know
So the nurses I try to employ.

But Taylor, or Hodson, or Havens, or Hull,
Will none of them move a peg;
They're all afraid of R. L. H.,
But I'm not, so, I just beg.

Dear Buckley, let's not forget her,
For the life giving pills she does give,
They're bitter and awful, we must confess,
But on them we're forced to live.

If I mistake not, our grocery bill,
When I get home will soar,
And with the hospital and doctor paid,
Will be able to buy nothing more.

But if here I can live on sunshine rays,
Why, mercy me, Heaven's above!
When I get home, the best place on earth,
I'll be glad to live on love.

THE ANNUAL

A STUDENT NURSE'S VERSION

1. My head nurse is boss and I shall not report her.
2. She maketh me go to bed at 10 p. m. when swell company cometh and followeth her to the main office.
3. She emptyeth my pocket book after she hath spent its contents for magazines, pearl cuff buttons and studs, and she leadeth me into society for her name's sake.
4. Yea, though I walk more than half the night through dark rooms with a crying baby, I will get no rest, for she is behind me; her efficiency card and elimination they do anything but comfort me.
5. She prepareth a course of study for me, then maketh a "bee line" for the Nurses' Convention. She anointeth my head with a cap, occasionally my head runneth over with knowledge before the lecture is over.
6. Surely her training and ideals shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in a Nurses' Home forever. — *Anon.*



A TRIBUTE TO LAKE VIEW

With weary head bowed low, dear Lake View,
I came, and comfort found here, Lake View,
 On your little bed so white
 I found rest throughout the night,
And the dreary days turned bright, dear Lake View.

You have been so kind to me, dear Lake View,
You have won my loyalty, dear Lake View,
 When your call goes o'er the land
 And you need a helping hand
I shall gladly for you stand, dear Lake View.

THE ANNUAL

HUNGRY

I had a breakfast brought to me,
And it sure was a dream.
I had oatmeal, toast and coffee
And real, rich, country cream.

I looked that breakfast over,
And, O joy, it did look good
As after six weeks liquid diet
Most any decent breakfast would.

Again I viewed that breakfast,
My mood was of pure joy
When in stepped Harriet Jenkins
All bent my mood to destroy.

She picked that tray up before my eyes
And toward the door she walked
And the farther she got away
The more and more I talked.

I begged her to leave it with me
Until she passed through the door
Then the sad fact ran over me,
I'd see that breakfast no more.

Just wait 'til I catch Jenkins sick
And I'm installed as nurse,
I'll treat her as ornery as she did me
And maybe a little bit worse.



AN ANATOMICAL TRIP

It was a fine day in July. Bile Rubin and Bile Verdin closed up the olfactory and decided to take Tryps-in the Epigastrium. They took their lady friends, Belladonna and Ethyl Alcohol, with them. Belladonna had procured beforehand a bundle of eats really tied with spinal cord costing three bones. They sailed down the Alimentary Canal to McBurney's Point in a blood vessel. On the way down Belladonna was reading a very interesting book entitled "On the Trail of the Lonesome Spine" by Ethyl Alcohol.

THE ANNUAL

While Bile Rubin was telling Belladonna she was as cutis vera, but in vein, she said that he had too much nerve. Tympanic had sailed there before, and the Recurrent Tibial had Rectum on the shores of gall. Here they left the vessels in the hands of Artery to get some Col-on board.

They crossed over the Islands of Langerhans by way of Pons Varoli. They could see great clouds of ducts floating in peristaltic waves, and had great fear. They thought they could hear the eye-ball and the vertebrae, but it was only the Ilio tibial band marching along the spinal line to meet the great Trochanter.

Here they met the great Omentum who had sailed up through Hunter's Canal in a lymph vessel propelled by Motor Oculi.

Lunch was served beneath a shed of tears, cold shoulder and sliced tongue, white substance of swan and wharton's jelly.

After lunch some rode Bronchi up and down the tracts of gall and Burdock. Others watched the se-cum in on the shore.

The children made their Pa-tell-a story. The great Omentum told about his trips in the Malphghian and other foreign bodies.

The party was greatly interrupted by Rolando and Sylvian, Fissures by trade, who had been on the Glenoid, a tough joint, and got stewed. At last they went home.

Bile Verdin is in the Central Acini Cilli breaking gall stones for insulting the great Omentum. Alas! Alas! Bile Rubin trips in the olfactory and loses his toes. It must be terrible to Lac-toes. AMEN.



THE INCONSISTENCY OF NURSES

The five best doctors anywhere
And you cannot deny it,
Are sunshine, water, air,
Exercise and diet.
These five will gladly you attend
If only you are willing.
They will cheer your mind, your ills they'll mend
And charge you not one shilling.

IF

THE FINISHED NURSE.

(With apologies to Kipling)

If you can keep your bed when all about you
Are losing their's and moving in on you,
If you can trust yourself when doctors doubt you,
And keep within your proper limits, too,
If you can make a heap of laundry linen
And have it ready early Monday morn,
And lose it, start anew with smiles most winnin'
And not regret the day that you were born;
If you can give a bath in fifteen minutes,
And dress a wound, nor lose the sterile touch,
If you can keep on good terms with your roommate;
If all men count with you, but not too much;
If you can learn the art of good suggestion,
And practice it and not talk nurse's shop;
If you can answer any doctor's question,
And decrease digitalis drop by drop,
And keep a chart without a single error,
And know by heart the ladies of the Board;
If you can come to classroom without terror
And not forget the meaning of a word,
If you can rise at dawn, report at seven
And do a hard day's work till eight p. m.,
And then give up your time to make things even,
And keep your apron spotless to the hem;
Sponge, miss your supper, and admit a patient,
Report at roll call, and get off at eight,
Attend a lecture and be put on special,
And then get "sat on" for a weary gait;
If you have in your heart the hope of winning
Only the good and not deceitful fame,
If you can see life ending and beginning,
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can live on five or six odd dollars,
And dress as well as with a fuller purse,
You've done the stunt and everything that's in it,
And then, My dear, you are a finished nurse.

—Anon.

THE ANNUAL

LINES ON A DAY OF DOUBT

There was girl in the hospital today; one of the kind with satin slippers and "Ideal Perfume." She thought we were just wonderful and "Angels of Mercy." She would just love to be a nurse and now I am wondering just how much she would love—

Those three years of training. The l-o-n-g weeks of night duty with the terrible feeling between three and six a. m., that you must sleep or die, and then on tonsil night that some youngster would have a hemorrhage. The hamburger steak and poor coffee at midnight lunch. The getting up during the day for lectures and the out-patient service where you must go down into the slums.

And the Op. room where you stand for hours on a tiled floor and serve an exacting surgeon, and then polish instruments and wash blood-stained linen.

And after graduating, the living in a suitcase with the constant companionship of sick persons day and night.

And men taking the attitude of—but I can't tell you, you understand those things. I am wondering just how much she would love it.



LITANY OF THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

(MEDICAL PICKWICK)

Blessed be the Dr.'s wife when dinner is served, perhaps a guest or so, who can sweetly say to him: "My dear, Mrs. Jones wants you at once."

Blessed be the Dr.'s wife who can keep a professional secret.

Blessed be the Dr.'s wife who doesn't lose her temper when the party says: "You won't forget to tell the doctor, will you?"

Blessed be the Dr.'s wife who can pleasantly say: "Good morning, Mrs. Katt, how are you?" when that same woman has on a two hundred dollar fur and the typhoid bill is two years past due.

Blessed be the Dr.'s wife who is able to be a "perfect lady" when her husband is accused of killing someone.

And thrice blessed be the Dr.'s wife (all dolled up and ready to go) who can smile at her dearly beloved when he announces: "Well, I can't go. Mrs. Inopportune is having pains every five minutes."

Blessed be the Dr.'s wife—blessings rain upon her—for she hath the presence of her husband when no one else wants him.

THE MIDNIGHT CALL

J. M. G.

A telephone ring at dead of night,
Gives some a pain—and some delight.
The dark domain the night enshrouds,
The star-lit heavens beyond the clouds,
But duty calls, some patient is in quest
Of tender care, mayhap in need of rest,
And so the Doctor goes, unmindful in his haste,
Of burning up his vitals and causing body waste,
To see Miss Susan Applegate,
A comely maid of forty-eight,
Who would not part from earthly spheres,
For fear 'twould drown her friends in tears—
To save their tears 'twould be her gain,
As she could live with them again.
For the days she lay, distraught with pain,
Must never come to her again,
But days and nights, without a yawn,
Filled her with fear, that e'er the dawn
Her soul would soar to realms unknown,
As she lay ailing all alone.
'Twas thus the doctor, at his midnight call,
Disturbed of rest and drenched with rain,
Found her in much complaint of pain,
And found her stomach full of gall,
A blue mass pill, a draught of salts in H₂O
Repeated in the morning, will teach her that "I owe
The doctor a goodly sum" for calling his abode,
While dreamy sleep embraced him—a-la-mode,
And gentle zephyrs 'round his temples played,
The while in peaceful bliss and sleep he laid.
 This lesson taught
 Gave her a thought
 When sick again
 She'd call right then—
At early dawn or maybe twilight
But wouldn't call again at midnight.

THE ANNUAL

“A PATIENT THERE WAS”

Miss ——— is a girl right off from a farm,
Who had been warned that she would come to harm,
If she would keep on coming three times a day,
With that sweet smile, and bilious green medicine on her tray.
She is brilliant, dignified, and charming to meet,
And when it comes to duty, she's there with both feet.

We saw her again the other day,
Go into that same room, with the very same tray,
And that was the last of her we've seen
For something must have hit her right on the bean.
And from St. Peter we had this note,
So I will tell you confidentially just what he wrote.

Thank you kindly for the Miss ———
You so suddenly to us sent
Although her nose was broken, and her face was badly bent,
We think her most charming and like her just fine,
She asks you to please send green medicine to room three-twenty-nine.

Don't you really think that a queer note for a Saint to write
And get so mixed up with an earthly fight?
But another nurse with that same tray, to this room did run
Now there are two strange faces in heaven instead of one. —M. & M. 329.



SIT ON THE LID AND LAUGH

Build for yourself a strong box,
Fashion each part with care;
Fit it with hasp and padlock—
Put all your troubles there.
Hide therein all your failures
And each bitter cup you quaff,
Lock all your heartaches within it
Then—sit on the lid and laugh.

Tell no one of its contents;
Never its secrets share;
Drop in your cares and worries,
Keep them forever there;
Hide them from sight so completely
The world will never dream half;
Fasten the top down securely,
Then—sit on the lid and laugh.

THE SCIENTIST

Orlando Leander Eliphalet Brown
Lived down on a farm far away from the town,
He lived by the rules that the scientists told,
Who said he would sure be a hundred years old.
He lived in the country to get the pure air,
And there was no microbe near him anywhere,
The dishes he used, they were all sterilized,
And all of his victuals he had analyzed,
He used no tobacco in all his life,
His diet was daily prepared by his wife.
He went to his bed every evening at nine
And never touched even a glass of light wine.
His life scientific brought him bunks of fame
And he was a shark at the right living game.
But still, spite of all the physicians could do,
He passed from this life when he reached forty-two.

Now, Angus Aurelius Jason McWhitty
Was the toughest old bird in our large, wicked city,
He lived in a tenement, dismal and foggy
And ate in cheap restaurants, grimy and soggy.
He hit public fountains when he wished a drink
And washed his old map in a cast iron sink.
He mingled with crowds and by autos was bumped
And smoked an old corncob so strong that it jumped.
He'd play cards each night till a quarter of two
And did everything that a man shouldn't do.
Of living by science he never had heard.
He knew not the meaning, in fact, of the word.
He went to the prize fights and sat in the smoke
And acted just like an old tough city bloke.
He is ninety-six years now, unless we forget,
And it's rumored around that he's going strong yet.

Of course, now, the scientists always are right,
Unless they are wrong, you'll agree with us quite,
In which they are like all the rest of us folks,
Sometimes we are brilliant, sometimes we are jokes.

THE ANNUAL

TRIBUTE TO L. V. H. NURSES

As for the nurses—their charm and their graces,
Their pretty uniforms and sweet smiling faces
Enlighten your sick room, bring joy to your heart,
But sorrow, that some day from them you must part.

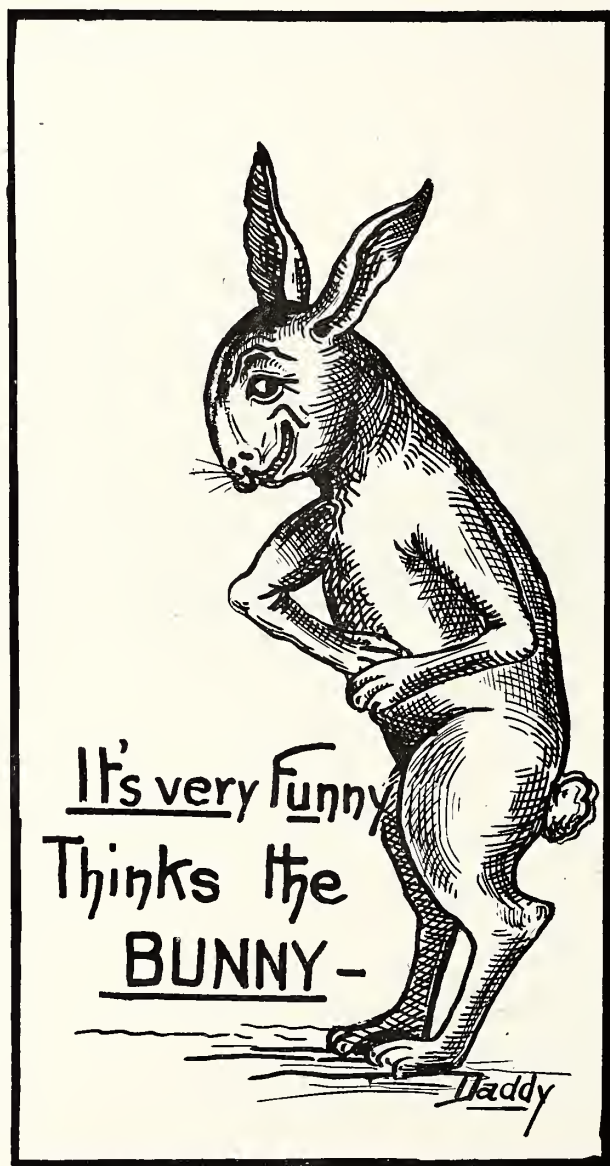
They sing in the morning which brings to us sunshine,
Tho outside 'tis dreary, our dear little nurses bring rest to the weary,
But sometimes these nurses are cruel to our feelings
And give us now and then some very rough dealings.
These are the doctor's orders, they say,
For which these kind nurses draw seven dollars a month pay.

A PATIENT.



A SCENE FROM LAKE VIEW

He wandered away and away with Nature,
 The dear old Nurse,
Who sang to him, night and day,
 The songs of the Universe.
And whenever the way seemed long,
 Or his heart began to fail,
She sang a more beautiful song,
 Or told a more wonderful tale.



THE ANNUAL

HUMOROUS

Humorous editor—well I'll be jiggered—
Who could have ever thought that of me?
When half the time I'm all disfigured,
With worry, misgivings and anxiety,
But nevertheless, I've got the job
And in this department there must be no sob.
So I'll try to get funny,
Though I'm dying with the blues
And collect for this column some gingery news.
My lively assistant, Miss Beaver is,
To give others pleasure is chiefly her biz.
Her good-natured smile and unfailing cheer
Dispel all the gloom and the bright side appears
We will both work together and do our best
To make our share measure up with the rest.
If it doesn't suit your liking you can fun at it poke
You can just pass it up and say it's a joke.

A traveling man was sitting on the train one morning reading one of the leading newspapers. He noticed the sheet contained a number of accounts of Lake View Hospital, the completion of the Nurses' Home, annual, and etc., He dropped the paper and exclaimed, "It's Lake View this and Lake View that, say—where is this Lake View at?"

Porter—"Danville, next stop sir."

FOR SALE CHEAP—

THE BRICK COTTAGE

To the first bidder.

Terms to suit buyer.

FOR SALE CHEAPER—

Two wagonloads of old furniture—no questions asked.

FOUND—on porch of brick cottage—a much used copy of "Short After Dinner Speeches." Owner may have same by calling at Miss Cooley's office. We've a sneakin' notion to whom it belongs.

Lesch and Throckmorton's motto—We cannot agree but we must love each other.

Please do not work my Rhoda so hard, she only weighs 200 now.

Signed, Mrs. Beaver.

THE ANNUAL

Perpetual motion, yes, it has come!
Just watch Dr. Hooker chewing gum.

Miss Cooley—"Name a perfect food."
R. Havens—"Whipped Cream."

Junior—Irresponsible.
Intermediate—Irresistible.
Senior—Irrepressible.
Faculty—Irreproachable.

How dare you swear before me?
I beg your pardon! How did I know you wanted to swear first?

Junior—Lights out at ten.
Senior—Light out at ten.

My training, 'tis of thee,
Short cut to insanity,
Of thee I sing.

A little dab of vaseline
Rubbed in here and there
Will make a dandy pompadour
Of Dr. Blondin's hair.

A husband rushed into the hospital tearing his hair, wringing his hands, and pacing to and fro. "Where is my wife? Where is my wife?" he demanded.

Office Clerk—"I'm sure your wife cannot be here—we have no record."

Husband—"Oh yes! she is, I came home to lunch and found her note on the table, saying she had gone to have her kimona cut out."

L. Lesch—"Why can't you get to breakfast on time?"

B. Kirkpatrick—"You must be a speed artist. How long does it take you to get ready?"

L. L.—"Just about ten minutes."

B. K.—"Well, I wash."

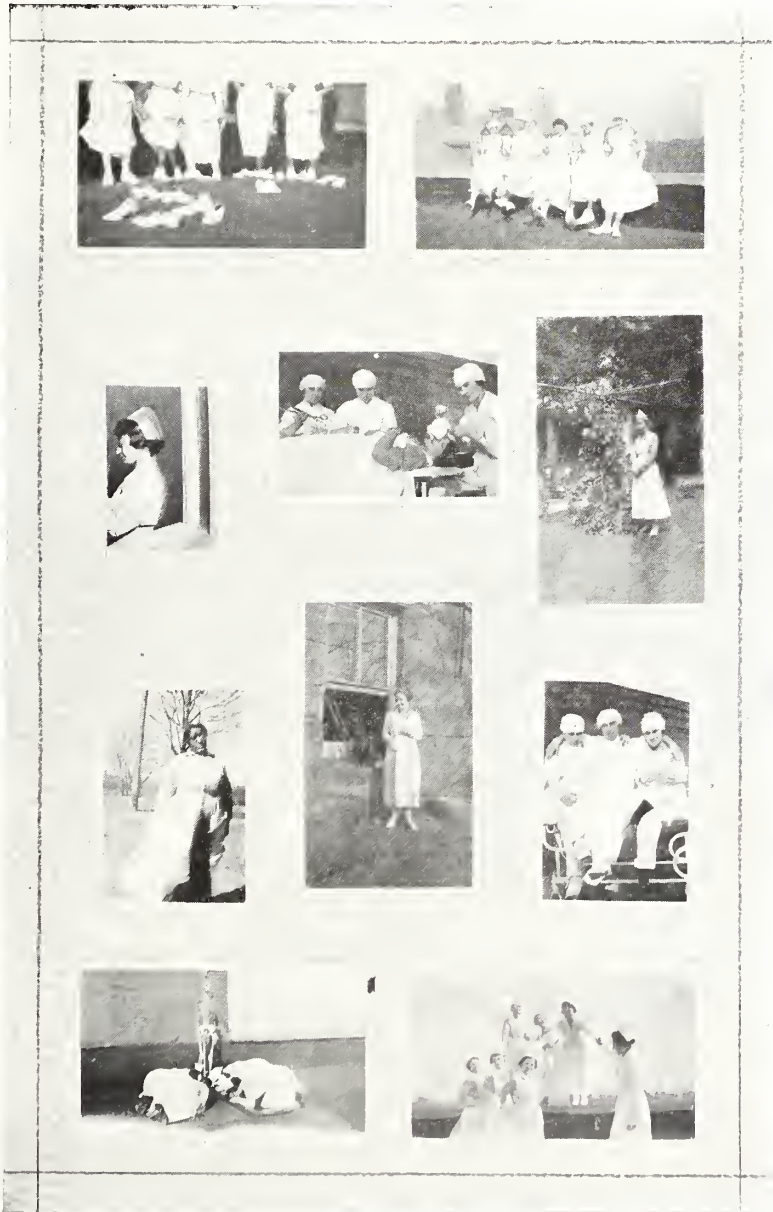
Kirk—"What do we have for dinner?"

Lesch—"Everything."

Kirk—"How come that?"

Lesch—"Because we have hash."

THE ANNUAL



THE ANNUAL

AN OFT-TOLD TALE

Dr.—— (entering operating room)—“Good morning, Nurses.”
“Good morning, Doctor.” Walks toward table, glances at patient’s chart.
To patient: “Good morning, Miss——. This is Dr.——. Let me hear your heart this morning. Little nervous this morning?” “Not a bit, Doctor.”
“Now, this is a little cold cream for your face, a cloth for your eyes to keep the ether out. Have you ever taken an anaesthetic, Miss——?” “No, Doctor.” “Well, you do as I tell you, and you’ll be alright. Now, there’ll be a feeling come over you as if you’re choking, but that’s not real. Just take a deep breath, and don’t let it frighten you. From now on, I want you to answer me this way, ‘Um-huh’ and ‘Huh-um,’ through your nose. Do you understand?” “Um huh.”

“Now, can you smell that?” “Um huh.”

“Is it strong?” “Um huh.”

“Can you stand a little more?” “Um huh.”

“A little more?” “Um huh.”

“A little more?” “Um huh.”

“A little more?” “Um huh.”

“A little m-o-r-e?” “Um huh” (slower).

“A little m-o-r-e?” “Um huh” (lower).

“A little more?” (in soft, purring voice). From the far away,
“Um—— huh.”

“A—little—more?” (soft, dull, purring voice). A pause of several seconds. “Um—huh” (barely heard).

“Little more?” (softer still). No answer.

“More?” “Um——”

“Mrrrrrrr?” No answer.

“Mrrrrr?”

All is quiet. Silence reigns supreme.

CURTAIN

Gardner —“Say, girls! When I was out on the porch a while ago there sat a man making love to a nurse.”

Lilla Payne (excitedly)—“That’s a lie.”

M. D.—“I have to report sir, that you are the father of triplets.”

Politician—“Impossible! I demand a recount.”

Dr. Miller (upon examination)—“Young man, you have some foreign substance in the stomach; what have you been eating?”

Ikey—“Irish potatoes.”

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, "I've flunked again."

Chemistry (?) or Experiment:

It has been found by experiment that when potassium iodide (KI) unites with two molecules of sulphur (S) *under pressure*, KI unites with 2S to form K I S S. No violent explosion takes place, although there is a slight sound not unlike a low sizzle. It is quite essential that this experiment be performed in a dim light.

Miss Cooley (in Dietetics)—"What are the predisposing causes of dyspepsia?"

Miss Taylor—"Night lunches and fish days."

If we couldn't tell a lie:

Yes, Miss Woods, I was out after ten last nite.

Let us be up and doing
Our dear faculty, thus
We shall keep them from pursuing
Clever schemes for doing us.

D'j' Ever See:
Feet like—York's?
Nerve like—Thornburgh's?
Nose like—Pricer's?
Wit like—Kirk's?
Brains like—Ouderkirk's?
Bluff like—Kedas's?
Strut like—Julick's?
Height like—Cardiff's?
Curls like—Lesch's?
Dimples like—Rylander's?
Grace like—Oltjenbrun's?
Quiet like—Haven's?
Cleverness like—Gardener's?
Fat like—Throckmorton's?
Shyness like—Beaver's?
Daintiness like—Pont's?
Ankles like—Clem's?

Havens—"Mac and I are two souls with but a single thought."

Throckmorton (disgustedly)—"Is that right? Who had the thought in keeping last night?"

THE ANNUAL



THE ANNUAL

TACTFULNESS

Emaciated patient—"Did you ever see anyone as thin as I am?"

Nurse—"Yes, but they didn't live long."

A. Kedas—"What book helped you most last year?"

R. Havens—"Dad's check book."

IF—"We had some buns we'd have some ham sandwiches—if we had some ham."

E. Clem—"This coffee tastes like mud."

E. Cardiff—"Miss Cooley said it was ground this morning."

Dr. Hooker—"What is $H_2A_5O_2$?"

M. York—"I have it on the tip of my tongue."

Dr. H.—"Then spit it out, it's arsenic."

D. Julick—"Nurses, I'll tell you I'm the fastest one in training. Many a time I have walked down the hall with Dr. Ross and had to wait for him at the door."

Throckmorton—"Call that speed? I can turn out the light and be in bed before the room's dark."

Photographer—"What group is to be photographed next?"

Oltjenbruns—"I am."

Here's to the fair senior lass

Who wears on her finger, a ring with a glass

Set in a band with a diamond hue

To pledge her, we wonder to whom she'll be true.

Dr. Hatfield (in physiology class)—"What is the characteristic feature of the vertibrae?"

Doubtful Junior—"Why, er—they have the spinal cord connected to the elementary canal by the aorta."

Dr. McCaughey—"In what part of the body is the air purified?"

Miss Parker—"I think it's in the right airicle."

Dr. Hatfield (in anatomy class)—"What is the size of the human brain?"

Nurse—"Size of a whale."

THE ANNUAL

Dr. Hole (in anatomy)—“What is the patella?”
Miss Selby—“It’s a disease of the periosteum.”

Dr. Hole—“What is the technical name for mumps”.
Miss Taylor—“Parietes.”

Lesch—“Why don’t you sit down?”
Pont—“Oh shucks! Look at the trouble of getting up again.”

The quickest way for Dr. Hartsook to get home would be to fall down.

Miss Mitterway—“How near were you to the right answer in the exam?”

York—“Two seats away.”

Dr. McCaughey (in Medical Nursing Class)—“What is the first sound of the heart?”

Intermediate—“Love.”

DISEASES SELDOM DIAGNOSED

Murphyitis—An insatiable craving for a murphy during a tonsillectomy.

Fingercotitis—An incessant demand for a finger cot during various O. R. procedures.

Have you noticed Blondin’s pompadour
And his loving care,
As he combs and smooths and smooths and combs
That lovely, shining hair?

THINGS WE SELDOM SEE

Miss Clem without dimples,
Miss Pont coming home in a taxi,
Miss Throckmorton quiet.

Dr. Montfort (in internal medicine class)—“What is the meaning of Bella-donna—Belladonna—?”

No response from class.

Doctor, looking at senior, repeats the question—“Bella-donna—Pretty Lady?”

Senior—“Me!”

THE ANNUAL



THE ANNUAL

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Beaver—A movie fan.
Oltjenbruns—A perfect 36.
Thornburgh—Noisy.
Kirkpatrick—Tongue tied.
Lesch—Talking in riddles.
York—Quitting.
Rylander—Happy.
Pont—In a hurry.
Havens—Without pep.
Throckmorton—In love.
Ouderkirk—Giving her dessert away.
Julick—A man hater.
Cardiff—A vamp.
Kedas—Always late to breakfast.
Gardner—In love with the world.
Holidays—Sunday in Lake View Hospital.
Taylor—Looking for T. P. R.
Buckley—Immaculate.
Hodgson—Swearing.
Selby—Full of pep.
Jenkins—Shy and demure.
Pricer—Ill-natured.
Clem—Not tooting her own horn.
Lowder—Perfectly contented.
Dr. McCaughey's aspirator surrounded by ice.
Dr. Hatfield using McDonald's Sol.
Dr. Miller doing a Tonsillectomy without a "murphy."
Dr. Steely using chlorazene.
Dr. Dale finding his 15c cigar where he left it.
Dr. Perrigo having an assistant.
Dr. Harstook wearing Dr. Hooker's trousers.
Dr. Ross taking it slow and easy.
Dr. Cooley making his calls in the daytime.
Dr. Crist in knickerbockers.
Dr. Becker not surrounded by O. R. nurses.
Dr. Dixon a silent partner at an ether party.
Dr. Wilkinson excited.
Dr. Hooker without gum.
Dr. Fairhall grouchy.

THE ANNUAL

FAMILIAR SAYINGS

1. Thank you nurse! Thank you nurse!
2. Now it isn't commonly known but I always practice it.
3. Now in the time of Florence Nightingale—
4. Hello, girls!
5. Well, good-day (slow, drawling manner).
6. You'll find it in your little book.
7. You are sure there is no blood on the floors?
8. It's not my work but I'll do it.
9. As you were.
10. Little more. Little more.
11. Your sterile goods, nurse.
12. Will you please wash your gloves, Doctor?
13. Murphy! Murphy! Murphy!
Sponge! Sponge! Sponge!

Doctor Blondin (in Senior Class)—“Now, we come to the physiology and anatomy of the brain. You who are in the O. R. have no doubt all seen brains.”

Bright Senior—“No, Doctor, there are none there.”

Two girls were on their way home from a local hospital, and were discussing an operation. One of the girls was a recent graduate, and the other was expecting to enter training. Naturally the conversation related to hospital life. They had been accompanied by a boy about ten years of age, and they were astonished and greatly amused, when he asked, “Miss H. when you saw anyone cut open did you ever see his conscience, and what did it look like?”

Dr. ——— (at the phone)—“Please send the Ethyl Chloride to 323.”

Timid voice over the wire—“There is no one here by that name, Doctor.”

Dining-room maid to Miss Throckmorton—“How did you find your steak?”

Throck.—“O, I just shifted my potato and there it was.”

Miss Thornburgh—“Two emergencies tonight, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, which do you want to scrub for?”

Kirk.—“Oh, it's choosing between the devil and the deep blue sea.”

A Surgeon's definition for an interne—“The object at the distal end of a retractor.”

THE ANNUAL

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—A perfectly good night's sleep. O. R. Nurses.

LOST—Our hearty, healthy appetites immediately after a school assembly—by request.

LOST—Our sharp edges.—O. R. razors.

LOST—Our beloved ear puffs.

LOST—Ten hours by five O. R. nurses.

LOST—One washer from a third floor ice cap.

LOST—A hot H₂O bottle from first floor.

LOST—One of Dr. Miller's Kellys. Penalty—Burial in a private cemetery.

FOUND—In O. R.—somebody's temper—don't all apply at once.

New Nurse—"Have you seen Ethel Barrymore in "A Country Mouse?"

Old Nurse—"Yes, but she isn't as good as Ethyl Chloride in Local Anaesthesia."

REVERSE GEAR

Doctor M. and Doctor G.

With the help of Doctor B.

Carved a man from stem to stern

When they heard he'd mon' to burn;

But when they learned no mon' had he

They could not spurn his soulful plea—

They sewed him up from stern to stem

And made him whole again. A-hem!

"I thought you were a trained nurse," said little Bobby to the nurse who had superintended the arrival of his baby sister.

"So I am."

"Maybe you are, but you've been here a week and you haven't even tried to stand on your head."

"Hasn't Oltjenbruns a dainty appetite?"

"Yes, and such a-cute digestion."

O. R. Supervisor (to visitor)—"This is the minor operating room."

Visitor (knowingly)—"Oh yes! All the miners are operated on in here."

R. Beaver—"Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the operating room floor?"

E. Oltjenbruns—"Sure, did you think it would go on through."

THE ANNUAL

Superintendent of nurses (observing Dr. Hatfield on third floor while his class was writing an exam. in anatomy)—“Why, Dr. Hatfield, is your class alone?”

Dr. Hatfield—“Yes, they are, but I’m not uneasy—they can’t tell each other anything.”

Miss Lesch, when called “Miss Less” by an M. D.—“That’s as near nothing as I ever want to be.”

Dr. Mason (calling the roll of his Obstetrics class)—“Miss Terrill.”

Another pupil—“She’s married.”

Dr. Mason—“Well, Class, is this the result of my lectures?”

Dr. Fairhall (at one o’clock class)—“Is this a full class?”

Pupil—“Yes, doctor, we have just finished dinner.”

Dr. Fairhall (before examination)—“I will ask six simple questions and I shall expect six simple answers.”

Class (aside)—“He will get just that.”

R. Ouderkirk—“Yes, I certainly like good dessert, and always look forward to the next meal.”

G. Pricer—“Why don’t you talk of higher things once in a while?”

R. Ouderkirk—“Well, say! What is higher than food?”

Miss Rylander (suffering from stomach ailment). Dr. McCaughey was called in, and on his second visit questioned her: “Have you been drinking hot H₂O an hour before each meal as I directed? If so, how do you feel now?”

“Yes, Dr. McCaughey, I tried hard to, but at the end of a half hour I felt like a balloon.”

Colored Edna, proud of a large abdominal incision, feared becoming infected; while having her wound dressed she became garrulous, and the nurse remarked, “Edna, you have a marvelous vocabulary.”

Edna (excitedly)—“Has I nurse, is there any pus in it?”

Beaver—“The Intermediates are printing their Annual on thinner paper than ours.”

Throck—“Why?”

Beaver—“So they can see through their jokes.”

THE ANNUAL

CUTS ON NURSES

Where can a nurse buy a cap for her knee?
Or a key for a lock of her hair?
Can her eyes be called an academy
Because she has pupils there?

Number of days you work—when you feel sorry for yourself and feel you are working too hard at it, just read over the following and you may change your mind, and feel better:

Number of days in a year.....	365
Eight hours per day for sleep.....	122
	<hr/> 243
Eight hours per day for recreation.....	122
	<hr/> 121
Two weeks vacation.....	14
	<hr/> 107
Half days each week.....	26
	<hr/> 81
Half days Sunday.....	26
	<hr/> 55
Holidays $\frac{1}{2}$ day on each.....	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Days you work each year.....	47 $\frac{1}{2}$

A long, lanky lad named Lester
Loved a lady, but Lester distressed her,
When deeply distressed
He would lean on her breast,
It would rest her when Lester carressed her.

Miss Ouderkirk (upon arriving to enter training)—“Are you the Superintendent?”

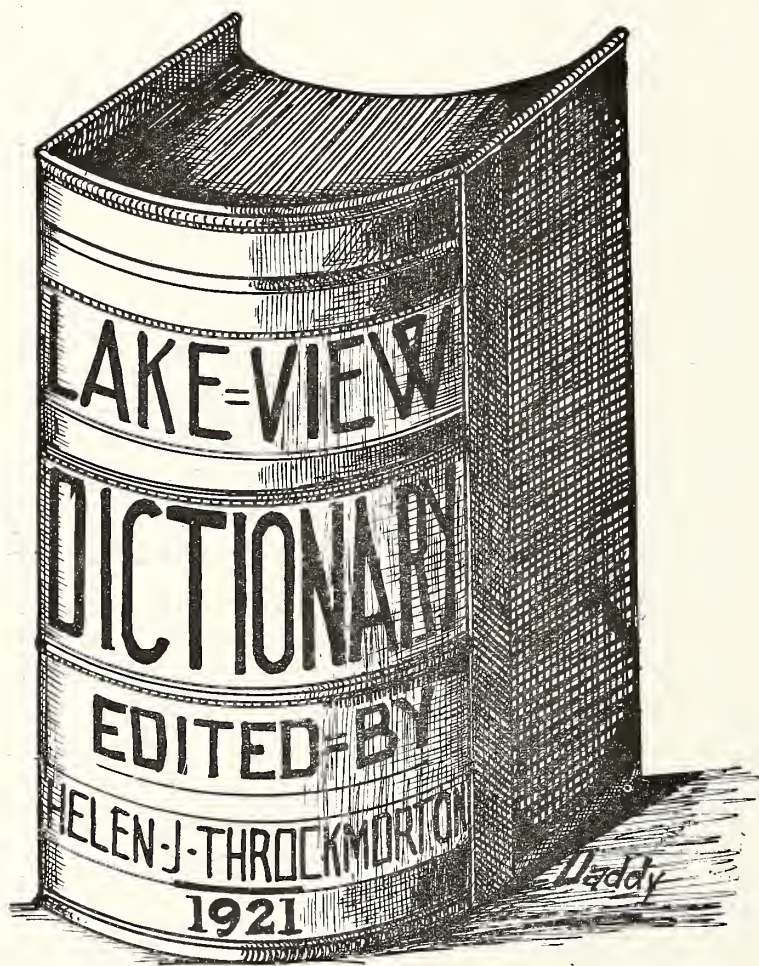
Superintendent—“Yes.”

Miss Ouderkirk—“Well, I’m the nurse you’re looking for.”

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NAME	NICKNAME	WHAT SHE WANTS TO BE	WHAT SHE WILL BE	FAVORITE OCCUPATION	PET EXPRESSION
A. Kedas	Kedas.....	Anethetist	Saxaphonist.....	Finding solitude.....	"Don't do that-a-way"
Ruth Ouderkirk..	"Ruthie"	Married	Toe Dancer	Fussing	"Anybody doesn't want his dessert"
O. Thornburgh...	"Thornie"	Surgeon's assistant.....	——'s wife.....	Telling yarns.....	"Oh, what will Miss Merrifield say?"
D. Julick.....	Julick.....	A vamp.....	Disappointed.....	Giggling	"Oh, my land!"
E. Clem.....	Clem.....	Obsertrical sup'visor..	Farmer's wife	Raving	"Oh, my land!"
G. Pricer.....	"Gertie"	Grand opera singer	Nurse girl	Whistling	"My gosh!"
E. Cardiff	"Mother"	Night supervisor.....	Movie fan	Keeping busy	"Well, say."
M. York	"Mayme"	R. N.	Hard to tell.....	Quitting	"Oh, my landy!"
H. Throckmorton..	"Throckie"....	{ Anethetist..... Obs. supervisor.. Diagnostician..... Physic'1 Instructor Missionary..... Psychologist..... Multi-million- aire's wife..... A vamp.....	} Just Throckie.....	Bluffing.....	"—! —! —! —!"
E. Oltjenbruns ..	Oltzy	Massuist.....	{ Rural school nurse in Nebraska.....	{ Reading literature on Osteopathy	{ "I'm so tired." "Gee, but I'm in love with everything today." "Who? what? where? when?" "Well, it's not my work, but I'll do it"
R. Havens	Rosebud	Cook.....	Mac's wife.....	Diet kitchen work...	"Gee, but I'm in love with everything today."
H. Pont.....	Hazel Belle...	Hustler.....	A joke	Arguing	"Who? what? where? when?"
M. Rylander	Tillie.....	Boss.....	{ Superintendent of orphan's home.....	{ Looking for sympathy	"Well, it's not my work, but I'll do it"
B. Kirkpatrick...	"Kirk"	Surgical Acrobat	Hoyt's wife	Musing	"How come that?"
Lina Lesch.....	"Lesch"	{ Public health nurse in alaska.....	{ Couldn't say	{ Posting Senior class notices.....	{ "Come on, let's get busy now." "Oh, I could just say something."
R. Beaver.....	"Beervo"	A \$1,000 man's wife...	Basket ball fan.	{ Telling Intermediates what to do	{ "Oh, I could just say something."
J. Gardner	"Jeanie"	Happy	Married	Powdering her nose..	"Is it at twenty, yet?"

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L. V. H. DICTIONARY

- Appetite—The largest part of a probationer.
- Beaux—Small parasites found on the front porch between 7 and ? ? P. M.
- Bed—A time killer between the hours of 2 and 6 A. M.
- Brick Cottage—A stately residence for the faculty.
- Business—The ability to make \$8 buy shoes 'n'everything.
- Diploma—A certificate for weariness, a testimonial that a student has been consistently bored.
- Doctor's Lockers—A 2x4 wherein Boston Bags, old shoes, cast off clothes and tobacco are carelessly thrown by eccentricities ranging from the age of 'teen to 'ty.
- "Don't know"—A Latin phrase used much by Lake View Hospital students signifying their unwillingness to impart knowledge to their instructors.
- Dormitory—Children's playroom.
- Drudge—A probationer.
- Ether—A colorless, volatile, liquid producing oblivion to various Op. Room procedures. Bring on the ether.
- Examinations—An extremely pleasant process in which knowledge is painlessly extracted from Juniors.
- Faculty—A capacity for any action.
- Green Carpet—An ocean wave wherein safety pins, conceit, peace of mind, and self respect are roughly shaken from us.
- Heaven—An oft heard of place inhabited by a few lonely people—but no nurses.
- Instructor—A hard working, poorly paid, individual who endeavors to impart knowledge to her intellectual superiors called students.
- Instruments—The softest thing in the Op. Room. No matter how long you cook them, they never get hard-boiled
- Intermediate—A strange being with little brain, feeds on freshman.
- Juniors—Raw material from which Seniors are made.
- Kleptomaniac—Thief, embezzler, etc.—one who borrows.
- Lemon—A vegetable of sickly hue sometimes tossed to unoffending students by their instructors.
- Lights—The only thing allowed out after 10:30.
- Lime—Same as lemon, only smaller.

THE ANNUAL

Long Days—(Per. to supervisors) Time off duty from Saturday 4:30 P. M. until Monday 7 A. M.

Long Days—(Per. to students) Time on duty from 7 A. M. until wee sma' hours of the following day.

Love Taps—An unexpected blow in the middle of the back experienced by the scrub nurse during an operation.

New Home—"Our wild days are over now."

Night Lunches—One prolonged nightmare.

Noise—A thing created by Intermediates, hated by Seniors, and not developed by Juniors.

Operating Room—A place where one becomes a target for sprung instruments, loud and abusive language, and other knick knacks not pleasing to the eye of the powers that be.

Quiet—Found along the Senior corridor after 10:30 P. M.

Rat—A rodent found in diet kitchens and cottages.

Reception Room—A large place where student body gathers for inspection. (by request).

Reports—Works of black art circulated monthly, on backs of which supervisors must write their names.

R. N.—The Mecca of all our dreams, the open sesame to our ambitions.

Senior—A dignified student who wonders to the last day whether she will graduate or not.

Sherman Street House—A means of evading the 10 o'clock rule.

Staff—A collective noun pertaining to a group of queer individuals. No two alike any day. No one alike two days in succession

Supervisor—That white robed apparition which appears in corridors and wards of the hospital at the most inopportune times and makes the Seniors as well as the probie quake.

Training School Office—A place where our knees play "Home Sweet Home."

White Cottage—Natural gas plant.

Woodbury Cottage—Beaux favorite.

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FIRST BABY BORN AT LAKE VIEW



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TO THE JUNIORS

A RECIPE FOR SUCCESS

Keep your head cool—your feet warm—your mind busy. Don't worry over trifles. Plan your work ahead, then stick to it—rain or shine. Don't waste sympathy on yourself. If you are a gem, someone will find you.

Don't whine, tell people you are a failure and they will believe you. Talk and act like a winner, and in time you will become one.



PSALM I

Blessed is the nurse that walketh not in the elevator before her Seniors, nor standeth in the way of the Supervisors, nor sitteth in the presence of the attending M. D.,

But her delight is in the Rules of the Hospital, and in these rules does she meditate day and night.

And she shall be like an automaton that knoweth if a Senior is going to the elevator or to another ward and when a Supervisor shall turn to the right or to the left, and whatsoever she doeth shall be acceptable, for the Faculty knoweth the way of Nurses.

A PATIENT'S IMPRESSION OF A NURSE

I had just regained consciousness and was vainly trying to distinguish various objects about me. Someone had just thrust a bolt of gauze down my throat and had twisted it about and then withdrawn it—or so it seemed to me. The nurse who stood over me seemed immense, yet so far away.

“Water,” I gasped. My throat was parched. Something cool and moist touched my lips, but it was not water, only a moist piece of gauze. Then Miss G., for that was the nurse’s name, explained why she refused to give me water. Repeatedly I begged for it, and repeatedly she kindly but firmly refused.

Miss G. was far from being good to look upon, and I decided then and there to dislike her, but her sweetness, the gentleness and firmness of her touch, her smooth voice and the quiet manner in which she moved and acted were so pleasing and soothing to me, that I began to admit that I liked her.

Later in the evening she removed all the unnecessary blankets and straightened the sheets. I had been weak, hot and restless. The alcohol bath and the powder she had given me made me feel rested. She patted my pillows into a more comfortable position and in a short time I fell into a peaceful sleep.

At intervals during the night I would waken and each time I found her ready to make me more comfortable. She talked little and did everything so quietly and gently that she seemed to belong where she was. Everything she did was done perfectly. None of her movements were superfluous; each accomplished a definite task.

Each meal she fixed for me was a joy, I never knew what she would bring. Everything was good and appetizing, and so tastefully arranged. She read to me often, and sad to say her voice often lulled me to sleep.

It was not many weeks until I was strong enough to be up and about. She had just tucked me into bed one night when she said, “Well, tomorrow you will be well enough to get along without me, so I’ll be leaving then. Sleep well tonight, for I’ll have a little surprise for you in the morning.”

Leaving. I had never thought of that. What would I do without her cheerful, gloom-dispersing person about, who would take her place in my life? She hardly seemed like a nurse, she was so very human, so entertaining, cheerful, always so attentive, and loved and admired by all. She had a few faults, but her virtues were so many and so evident that one could ignore the few failings. I dreaded to have the morning come, but, childlike, I thought of the surprise she had in store for me, and fell asleep.

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AN AFTER THOUGHT

Since we first tasted printer's ink
We've had a little time to think,
And as our thoughts, in backward flight,
Have travelled fast, their rays of light,
With visions of a happy day,
Have filled our dreams with ecstasy.

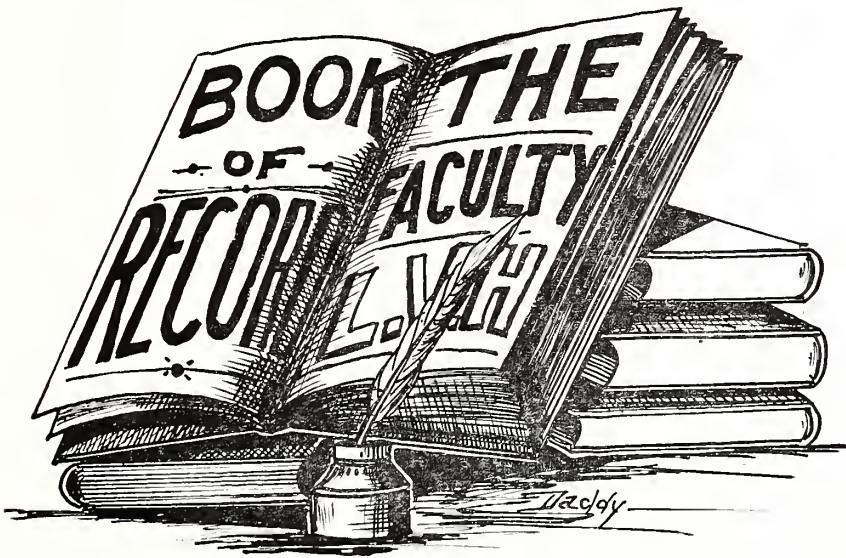
The present, then, is full of hope,
And on its broad'ning horoscope
Our vision lingers for awhile,
And presently there comes a smile—
The hour of triumph now beguiles
Us into raptures, into smiles,
For, chortling o'er our maiden trial,
We trust we've made our work worth while.

The future, too, is just as bright,
No clouds at all, appear in sight
To cast their shadows in our way,
The sun shines on our path all day,
And draws us onward in our zeal,
To compass only what is real,
Elysian dreams, not wordly strife,
And nectar fill our cup of life.

With eager mind we've sought to know,
If forward still we ought to go,
But since Kind Fate has led the way,
We meekly bow to you today,
And pray that 'fore our work is done
You'll reckon us with those who've won.

—J. M. G.

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